



No. 24.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
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THE ROYAL WEDDING, AND AFTER.

It is always difficult, especially in the heat of the moment, while the clang of the crowd is still echoing, to gauge the exact magnitude of any great public event. Time must elapse to place it in prospective, so that a fair comparison with similar occasions may be arrived at. For the nonce, however, it seems to be pretty generally agreed on that the

which we need not be ashamed. Last of all, the magnificent weather that prevailed had a very great deal to do with the enthusiasm which called forth such a wealth of floral and decorative display and such dense masses of people.

CHAPELWARDS.

Although the first procession, consisting of the carriages conveying the Royal Family and the royal guests to the "Court of St. James's" and its



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE QUEEN'S TABLE.

wedding of Prince George and Princess May attracted a greater assembly of her Majesty's faithful and loving subjects than any pageant since the Prince of Wales wedded the fair Princess from over the sea.

There were many elements in the present royal wedding to encircle it with an interest and to lend a certain touch of pathetic solicitude to the two central figures of the day that were lacking in the memorable ceremony of thirty years ago which gave England her most popular Princess. The bridegroom of to-day is not merely heir to the Crown, but he is so under circumstances which will not readily be forgotten. Personally he is popular—indeed, a Sailor Prince is the ideal heir for a country that is bound by the "swinging, smoking seas." And the bride is not merely popular—as a daughter of the Princess Mary ought to be, if but for her mother's sake—but she is one of ourselves, and familiar with our ways as a people. That is a recommendation for which we need not blame our insularity and of

historic chapel, did not leave Buckingham Palace until nearly half-past eleven, the route was densely packed with all sorts and conditions of men and women many hours before that. 'Twas a merry crowd, despite the tedium of the weary wait beneath a sultry sky. For a time the decorations afforded an object of attraction, especially in that "little parish of St. James's" which, as on many a former occasion, has seen so much pomp and pageantry. Besides the regular troops, there were five thousand Volunteers on the ground, including the sun-tanned Colonials, who have had the good fortune to take part in such memorable ceremonies as the opening of the Imperial Institute and the royal wedding.

At last the muffled roar of thousands of voices announced that the weary wait during the early hours of the morning had not been in vain. The crowd, somewhat drowsy and dead-eyed, became all at once alert, as the bridegroom, accompanied by his father and the

Duke of Edinburgh, drove up to the Palace from Marlborough House, to be followed by the Princess of Wales, whose memory must have been carried back to that memorable March day, thirty years ago, when London turned out just in such a way to bid her welcome. Then from the Palace gates came the royalties, and cheer on cheer rang along the route, by Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Marlborough Gate, to the garden entrance of St. James's Palace. Hardly had the sound died than the appearance of the bridegroom called forth redoubled cheers, which echoed and re-echoed until the carriage bearing the bride left the Palace. A magnificent reception was that given to the Princess, and there was the suspicion of a tear in her eye as, steadying herself with one hand, which nervously clasped the side of the carriage, while her father sat on the other side, she kept bowing graciously to that black mass of humanity which one day hope to call her Queen.

That that day may be far distant—from no disrespect to the Princess—must have been the thought of everyone, as the great golden chariot bearing her Majesty and the Duchess of Teck rolled onwards to St. James's, amid the glitter of Guards and the gorgeousness of the general officers and Court officials. The Queen seemed intensely interested in the whole scene, not least with the decorations, and the crowd, wedged tightly together by police and soldiers, cheered itself hoarse at the sight of the venerable Sovereign. Then, as the last

building was empty, and the brilliant assemblage was speeding back to Buckingham Palace, amid the cheers of the multitude.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

Buckingham Palace reached once more, the register was signed in the Bow Room—no light task when it is remembered that four pages had to be covered with the signatures of the attesting parties. This done, the Queen entertained the bride and bridegroom and the Royal Family and guests to luncheon. Three toasts were given—"The Bride and Bridegroom," "The King and Queen of Denmark," proposed by the Queen in person; while to the King of Denmark fell the toast of "The Queen." On the lawn the band of the Scots Guards played selections of music, including the National Anthems of England and Denmark.

ACROSS THE CAPITAL.

From many points of view the progress of the royal pair across the capital was the most imposing feature of all. Perchance, it was not so brilliant as some of the earlier processions, but no one could have passed through the sea of faces along the route from the Palace to Liverpool Street Station without being vastly impressed. Along the Mall, past Marlborough Gate—where the Marquis of Tullibardine was unfortunately thrown from his horse—and along the north side of Trafalgar Square the royal carriage was driven rapidly, accompanied by the flashing Guards. Seldom has the ancient Strand been so densely crowded as it was on Thursday with thousands of eager sight-seers, who cheered the happy pair to the echo. The Duchess looked pale, as she bowed incessantly to the enthusiastic throng. On and on it went, along Fleet Street, almost darkened by its canopy of decorations, still eastwards along Ludgate Hill and the quaint windings of St. Paul's Churchyard, where, twelve hours before, many of the loyal lieges had taken up their stand; still onwards through Cheap-side, until the Mansion House, rarely before decorated so gorgeously, was reached. Here a halt was made to allow the Lord Mayor to present the address from the Corporation, congratulating the citizens of London on the "happy event that has united a Sailor Prince, whom we rejoice to hail as a fellow-citizen, with a beloved daughter of the British nation." The Lady Mayoress then presented the Duchess with a bouquet, while her nieces and tiny grandchildren sprinkled the ground with rose-leaves. Once more the journey was resumed, and Liverpool Street Station was reached at last in safety.

GOOD-BYE TO LONDON.

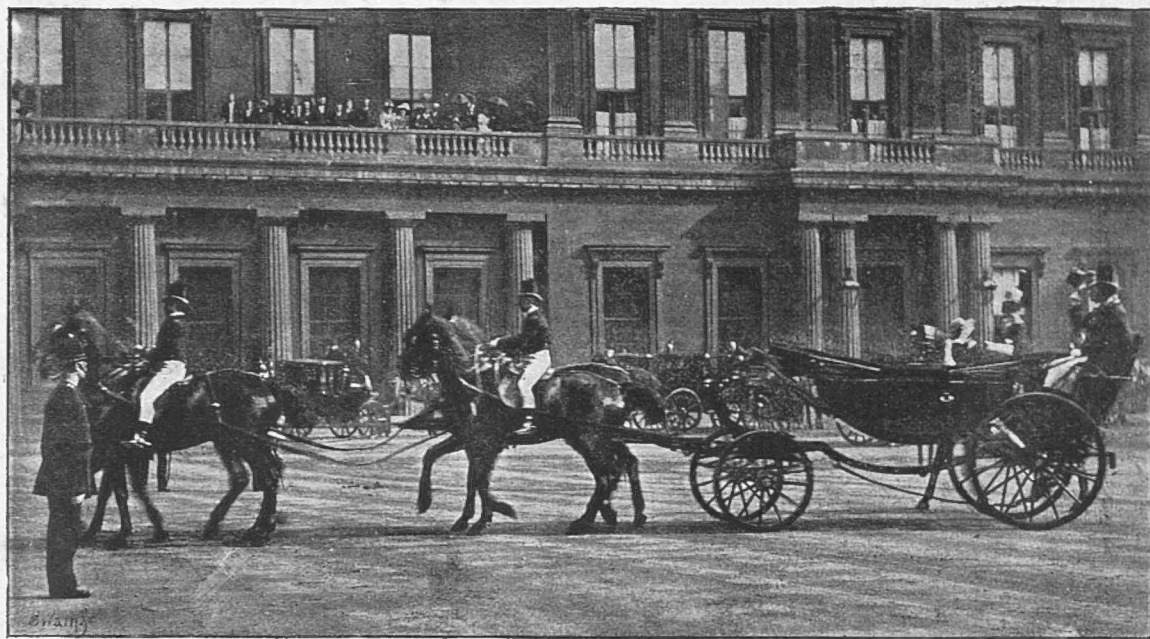
The terminus of the route flashed bravely under the glorious sun, and amid decorations innumerable and Guards galore. The cheers swelled loud as the royal carriage swept into the station yard, and soon the occupants were on the platform, no longer dingy, but brightened by many an ingenious device of welcome. The royal train was composed of five vehicles—a royal saloon; two composite carriages, and two brake vans. The saloon, which was placed in the centre, is the same as that set apart for the Prince of Wales, and was upholstered in blue and arranged as a drawing-room. The powerful engine which drew the train was decorated in front with the royal arms in gold, and on a scarlet cushion projecting from the smoke-box door was placed a ducal coronet. At last the whistle blew shrilly, and the royal pair had bidden good-bye to the capital that had done its part so well.

HOME AT LAST.

It was not until Cambridge had been reached that a stoppage was made. Here, shortly before seven, the train drew up, and the Duke and Duchess, alighting, were presented to the Mayor, to be dowered with another address. In little more than an hour Wolverton, so familiar to the bridegroom, was reached. A right royal welcome home was offered to the happy pair, for the whole district had turned out to meet them. Then the victoria, drawn by two of the Prince of Wales's Hungarian horses, bore the Duke and Duchess to their future home in Norfolk, York Cottage, which was reached shortly before nine o'clock, and the trying labours of the day were done.

LONDON AND THE ROYAL GUESTS.

The royal festivities practically came to an end on Saturday with the appearance of the King and Queen of Denmark at the Guildhall to receive an address of welcome from the Court of Common Council. His Majesty, in reply, spoke of his privilege as a young man in being present at the coronation of the Queen. The luncheon to which the Lord Mayor invited the visitors afterwards was a brilliant affair, some seven hundred guests being present.



DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: THE DUKE PROTECTING HIS HEAD FROM RICE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

carriage disappeared, the occupation of the crowd was gone for the time, and another tedious hour in the sun had to pass before the people once more feasted their eyes on the proud pageant.

THE CEREMONY IN THE CHAPEL.

The scene in the chapel was a brilliant one. Beneath the quaint old ribbed ceiling, painted by Holbein three centuries since, as many "beautiful dames" as ever, in the words of the old satire, flocked to "the chapel of hilly St. James" and splendidly attired courtiers watched the nuptial ceremony. It opened with a procession of the clergy, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of the Chapels Royal, the Bishop of Rochester, the Rev. Edgar Shepherd, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal; the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, Canon Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and Canon Dalton, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, who knew Prince George so well in the old days aboard the *Bacchante*, and who now is his Honorary Chaplain. Thereafter, to the strains of some delightful voluntaries, the Royal Family and the guests filed in, followed by the Queen's procession, which included the Duchess of Teck and two of her sons and the Grand Duke of Hesse, who supported the Queen. As her Majesty, wearing the Garter ribbon and star, and leaning heavily on her stick, entered, everybody rose, and the organ pealed forth the March which Sir Arthur Sullivan composed for the opening of the Imperial Institute. The bridegroom was not long in following, supported by his father on the right and the Duke of Edinburgh on the left, the first appearing as a naval captain, while the other two appeared as Admirals of the Fleet. As they entered, Smart's March in G was played. Then came, what was, perhaps, the most picturesque procession of the day, that of the fair bride, supported by her father and her eldest brother, while the beautiful bevy of bridesmaids brought up the train to the haunting strains of the bridal march from "Lohengrin." Amid the beautiful music of the wedding service the ceremony was soon completed, and "this man and this woman" had been made one, the Archbishop of Canterbury exhorting the happy pair to prove themselves equal to their task in leading the "strenuous and laborious people" who form this glorious Empire. The bride and bridegroom, rising from their knees, approached the Queen, and kissed her hands, and were affectionately kissed in turn. Soon the sacred

WHERE THE ROYAL HONEYMOON IS BEING SPENT.

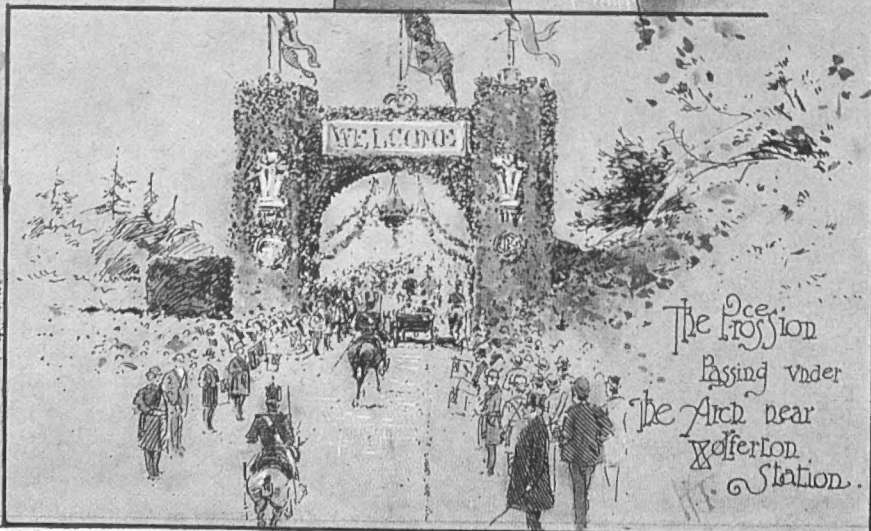
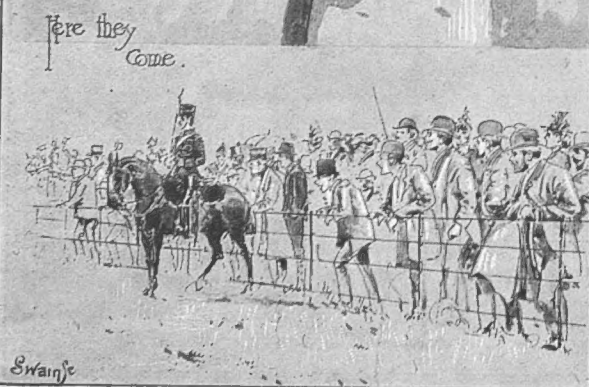
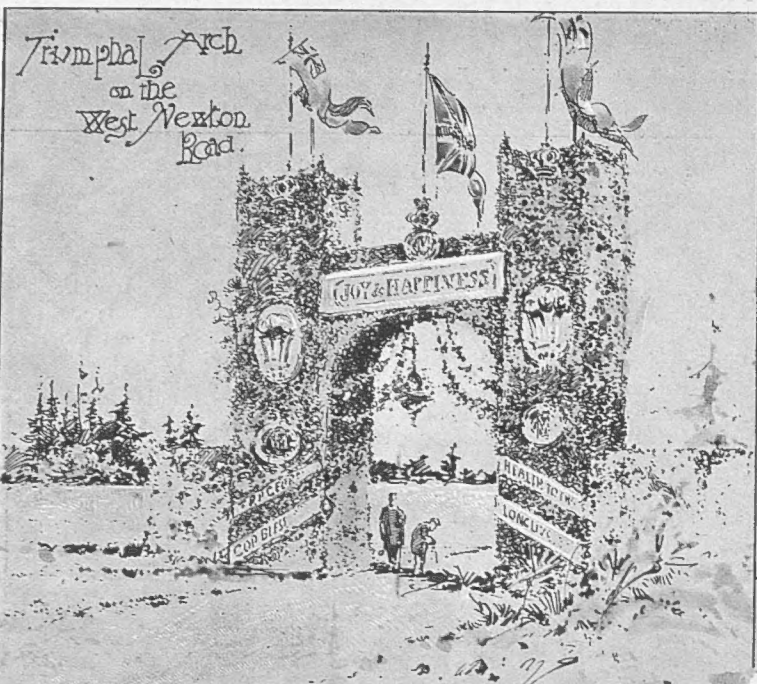
From Photographs by Smith and Sons, King's Lynn.

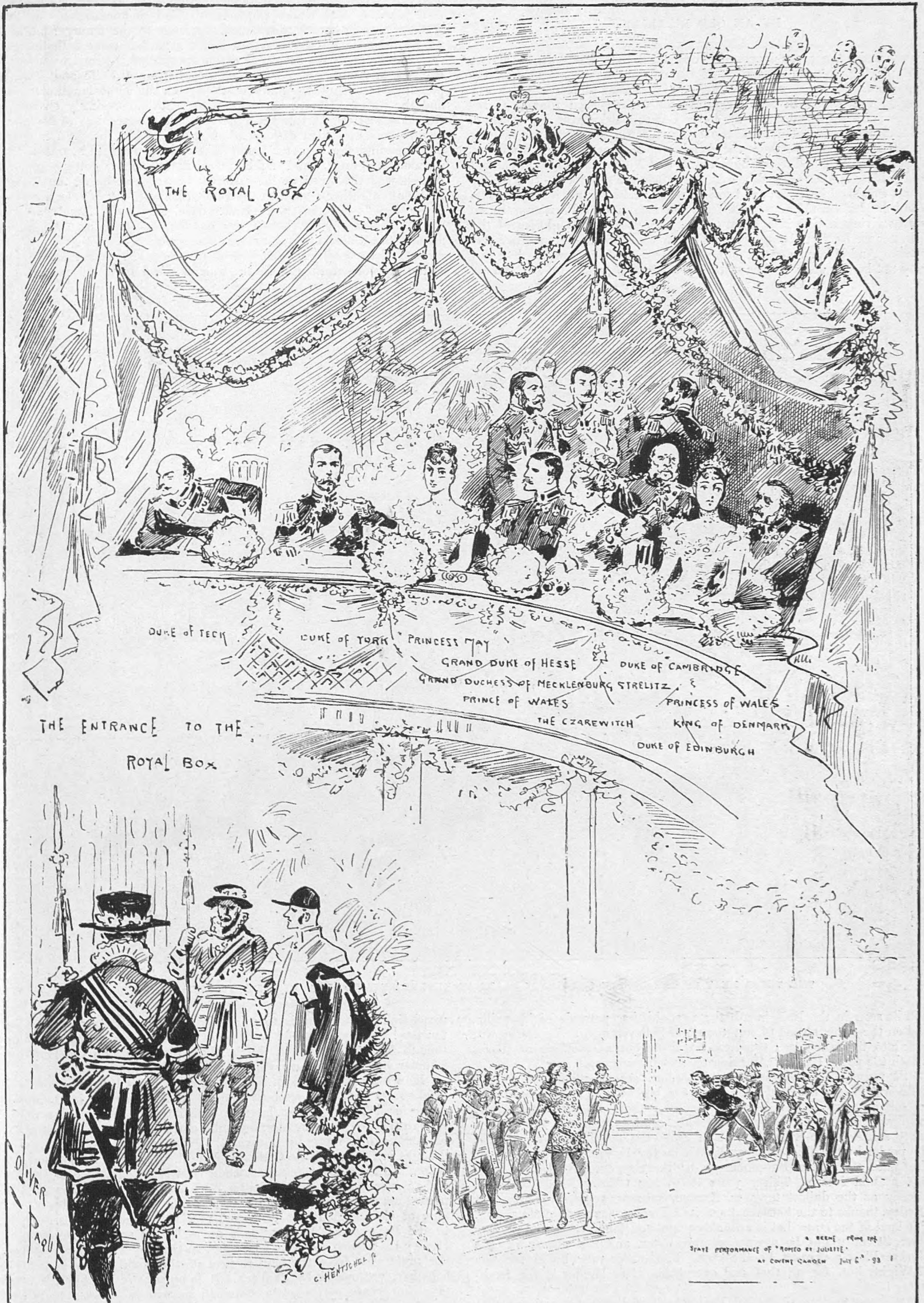


YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM, WEST FRONT.



YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM, SOUTH FRONT.





THE STATE VISIT TO THE OPERA

HENLEY.

BY AN OLD RIPARIAN.

It was under the green leaves of Groenendael that, last year, the writer was playing with the leaves of—if his memory serves aright—*La Vie Parisienne*. The solemn waiter was mixing a salad nigh by; a lark was singing overhead with an energy that must have been ruinous to his larynx; a bare-legged son of the brave Belges had his arms full of damp, cool, dwarf ferns, stolen from the shades of the Soignies; the summer was at its best, and so were the sketches of M. Mars in the journal just spoken of. Yes, and over English cliffs and North Sea, and sandy dunes and polders flat as billiard boards, over Belgium's capital—yes, in the silent woodland here was one brought face to face again with the gentle Tamise. Life in the houseboat, from the crayon of a Parisian. By no means giving a bad idea of it, either. So, you see, the glories of the Thames are far from being confined to our own few thousands of sea-girt acres. And Henley Regatta is the apotheosis of the Thames. The day may not be far distant when the *chapeau d'Henli*, worn by one and all,

crisp and munchable, which, if we be dining *en garçon*, may have that *petit point de l'ail* which Gascons love and Scotchmen do not hate. All very well in its way, but a mere bagatelle to the dainty banquet on the floating villa. Of course, the lovely moon has come without a card. As one punts past the long line of anchored craft there is borne on the soft summer air the pleasant chitter-chatter of knife and fork, the popping of the cork, the tinkle of the spoon, the light laugh of beauty, and the hoarse voice of the cook in the tender. Daintily charming is the houseboat *salle*, art muslin curtains, Indian lamps, bits of bric-à-brac on brackets, air laden with scent of roses. When the cloth is cleared out cometh banjo (not too much of it of late, thankful be one to say), mandoline, guitar, and zither, and flatted-white cottage pianette. Somehow or the other, on these Henley houseboats during the "week" is there not rather a rush on the French ballade? "*Si vous n'avez rien à me dire*"—ye gods and Thames dace, surely she found enough to say to him as he sat beside her on the roof-top just half an hour ago; the Chinese chairs were uncommonly close together. *D'où vient-tu, beau nuage, emporté par le vent?*" Why, there's not a cloud in the sky nor yet a ripple on the waters. And then the tinkle of the



Photo by Marsh Brothers, Henley.

THE THIRD HEAT OF THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE AT HENLEY REGATTA, WON BY FIRST TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE.

will be seen in the Bois, 'neath the ever-shifting parasols of Trouville, and on the silver strand of not too silent Scheveningen. Le Derby will sink into insignificance; Goodwood will be but a crackling of thorns 'neath the pot. Henley will reign universally supreme.

So muses the straw-hatted philosopher, seated, perchance, on the little lawn before the Red Lion, with the big arbutus and his briar-root for sole company. How busy are they over there with the tents on the meadow! How cheery is the melody coming from the lips of the fairly sober pseudo-Ethiopian! The crows are flying above the woods; the poplar by the Temple sways lightly on the breeze. It is the year, the place, the day, and the hour to be thinking over Henley, its past, present, and future. Thirty years or so ago Charles Reade wrote of Henley as the dullest town in Europe, save at regatta week. But Henley, thanks to the houseboat and its followers, has an absolute season. The land of the straw hat is a thickly populated land. Sometimes a-day Hart Street might be a riparian Burlington and the corner of the Market Place a chip off Bond Street. Freshwater may be in the Isle of Wight, but, for all that and everything else, Henley is the freshwater Ryde.

And the floating village? The houseboat dinner has a charm that none other possesses. One likes one's Fontainebleau! White-aproned servitors—table set beneath the trees. How sweet the mixed glow of wedded sunset and moonrise, and sweeter still *écrevisses*. The salad

mandoline! How it calls to mind the city of the Cæsars and Cook's tourists! Softly the sound is borne over the kindly waters, which give tone to falsetto and soften the harshest phrasing. So the long-drawn summer sweetness of the evening links on till midnight.

How curiously wakes up both Henley afloat and Henley ashore! The smoke rises from the houseboat tender. The tented host in the meadow comes forth in grey pyjama, intent on morning dip. The morning rolls are brought aboard with the morning milk and pumets of strawberries. At length the town wakes up in earnest. The first Ethiop takes his morning draught in the tap of the Catherine Wheel. It is marvellous how, even before the first signal is fired, the whole river is wide away a blaze of colour and an avenue of noise and chatter. "The two great Universities had poured out upon those obscure banks," wrote poor Charles Reade. Oh! sage of the commonplace book and everlasting amateur correspondent to the Press, the "Varsity" lads are only the smallest supporters of Henley the superb. On its banks and on the placid stream are gathered the great ones from the four corners of the earth. It is kodaked by colonists, patronised by Yankees. It is an aquatic Monte Carlo, where in a few years to come the nationalities will be banded together in a common brotherhood of Brut '84, lobster, mayonnaise, and salad (Américaine's the best), music, mirth, polish bank, beauty, &c. It makes one almost reel with giddiness—a vertigo, *mes amis*—to think what the Henley of the future possibly can be. *Addio!*



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

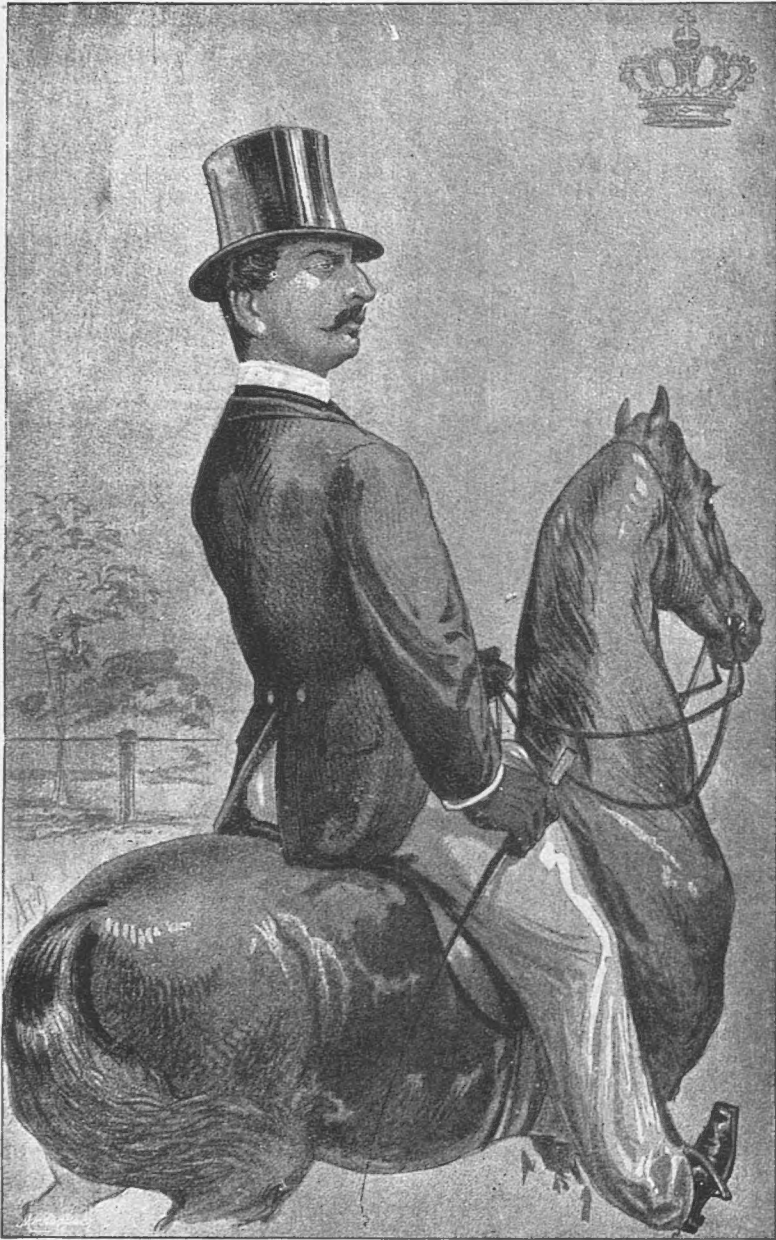
TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

SMALL TALK.

At Lord's, on the Monday and Tuesday of the University match, the cricket—especially accompanied as it was by a display of extremely un-English tactics—was not so interesting as the costumes, and of the costumes I have the hardihood to declare that the men's were in better taste and more picturesque than the women's. The ladies' dresses this year appear to my masculine eye crude, glaring, and aggressive, the form exaggerated, and the colours, especially of the velvets which are so fashionable, distressing, while the French cambric shirts which men are wearing so much this year give a touch of colour to the masculine costume that is effective without vulgarity. I noticed a good many of the long-skirted frock-coats worn without a waistcoat, and with a black silk sash or belt, which on a finely made man looked wonderfully well. Lord's, however, was too dressy for straw hats and light suits to be very much in evidence.

It may be interesting to our readers to see this reproduction of a particularly successful cartoon of the Duke of Teck which appeared



THE DUKE OF TECK.

Reproduced by kind permission from "Vanity Fair."

many years ago in *Vanity Fair*. The Duke has altered but slightly in looks since the publication of this picture.

Mr. Phil May, who recently departed on a tour which was intended to last eighteen months, and to embrace the world with the wit as well as the girdle of Puck, has just returned via Southampton.

"Oh! I should have a heavy Miss of thee," I mentally exclaimed with Prince Henry, the other night, as I saw a little man of my acquaintance whirling round—or, to speak more strictly, being whirled round by—a tall, massive, and handsome young woman in what Artemus Ward called the "Messy dance." Every season the "weaker sex" of the well-fed and well-bred classes gets decidedly more imposing in height and bulk. Whether the men get smaller I am not so sure, but they seem to when compared with the dozens of girls one sees nowadays who are over five feet six or seven. Does this feminine development mean that man is to take a back seat physically in the future, as the shrieking sisterhood

declare that he already does mentally? A King who, like Frederick of Prussia, thought nothing so admirable in woman as her altitude, might even now choose a magnificent regiment of handsome Amazons from among the ranks of the ladies of the Upper Ten.

A famous estate has actually found a purchaser. The Hill Court estate, near picturesque Ross, has been sold to Major Trafford, of Hereford. The beautiful Queen Anne mansion on this property possesses an interest all its own, for tradition says it was erected under the superintendence of John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," who, according to Pope, "taught that heaven directed spire to rise" that soars from among the trees that help to screen the old world town. The town, indeed, is full of the memories of John Kyrle, his pew, his house, his armchair, and the recollection of his good deeds, which, as Coleridge sang, made him

Richer than miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than kings or king-polluted lords.

To imagine Ross without its "Man" seems, in fact, impossible. The price paid for the property was, I believe, that at which it was withdrawn when put up to auction about three years ago. To him who waits comes everything, even a reserve price, a comforting assurance to those landowners who of late have been unfortunate with their purposed sales.

A gallant soldier has succeeded Sir George Higginson in the ancient office of Lieutenant of the Tower, an office which in these degenerate days has been shorn of many of its privileges. Lieutenant-General Hugh Rowlands, whom her Majesty has selected for this honourable post, entered the 41st Foot more than four-and-forty years ago, and distinguished himself on the heights of the Alma, at Inkerman, and at Sebastopol, including the attack on the Redan. The General won the coveted V.C. by an act of conspicuous gallantry at Inkerman, where he rescued Colonel Haly, of the 47th, when that officer, badly wounded, was surrounded by a number of Russian soldiers. Lieutenant-General Rowlands is a fitting successor to the number of distinguished soldiers who have filled the Lieutenant's office during many centuries.

Mr. Berry, who for several years occupied the unenviable post of hangman to the satisfaction of his employers, and possibly of his "patients" (the word seems a fitting one, as a patient is described in one of our latest dictionaries as "a person that receives impressions from an external agent"), who retired into private life by assuming the functions of a public lecturer, and tried hard to make his living by denouncing the evils of a system in the execution of which he had cut short the living of a good many others, seems to have failed lamentably in his newly chosen profession, and, according to a newspaper report, has appealed to the Under-Sheriffs of London and the provinces to give him a share of any impending hangings. With every sympathy for a gentleman who finds that he has deserted his true vocation, I doubt if any of us will pray for a fresh crop of murders that Mr. Berry may try if his hand has forgotten its cunning.

At Captain Paul Boyton's Water Show, the other evening—the very name of which, by-the-way, is most refreshing this thirsty weather—where I dined with a party of friends, and enjoyed the new excitement of "shooting the Chutes," the conversation turned, perhaps not unnaturally, on the Englishman's love of water. A gentleman of distinctly foreign extraction, who was of the party, declared that in his predilection for this fluid he was entirely English, and assured us with enormous emphasis that whether he wanted it or whether he did not it was all the same, "I 'ave my bath, vat you call my tub, once a month."

I heard that on the Tuesday before the wedding Princess May and her royal fiancé were at the Water Show, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the fun of the "Chutes," particularly when Uncle Connaught's hat got more than its share of wet, as they splashed into the lake. The Princess appeared to be in the highest spirits.

Piccadilly and St. James's Street on the afternoon before the royal wedding were as crowded as ever they were in the Jubilee week. On both sides of the way were crowds of jostling pedestrians, while vehicular traffic blocked the road, and ladies fought madly for the 'buses that passed along the decorated route. Of all the handsome and tasteful decorations on the north side of Piccadilly, that which spread across the front of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's two houses was decidedly the most effective. Drapings of heliotrope silk on balcony and verandah, with great silken squares of the same colour, worked in gold, were wonderfully effective on her Ladyship's Piccadilly house, while on the newly pointed brick front of the great Stratton Street mansion that adjoins it huge curtains of the same colour fell gracefully from a large imperial crown, and between these, on a ground of white drapery, the initial letters of the bride and bridegroom's names were beautifully worked in white flowers and delicate greenery.

Mrs. Krüger, the wife of the Transvaal President, has, if the Johannesburg *Critic* is to be believed, for the ten years and over during which she has represented the leading lady of the State, never put in a face at any public function nor contributed to any public ceremony, function, or charity. She attends the Dopper Church, fifty paces from the door of the Presidency, and was once induced by the ruling passion to go and see the Mint when it was supposed to be coining silver with her husband's leonine head on,

The subscription to the Bismarck Monument Fund now amounts to £30,000. Several exalted persons have suggested to his Highness that the money had better be employed in the building of a church in Berlin, of which there is great want, but the ex-Chancellor has replied that he has nothing to do with the disposal of the money.

Prince Waldemar, who was one of the many royal guests at the wedding, is the third son of the King of Denmark, and is thirty-five years of age. Eight years ago he married Princess Marie d'Orléans, the eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres. He is a pleasant, modest prince, rather short-sighted, and a favourite with his royal relatives. It has been particularly pleasing to the Princess of Wales to have her father, mother, and younger brother in England on so interesting an occasion as the wedding of her son. Prince Waldemar is fond of the sea, as becomes a Dane, and looks particularly well in naval uniform. The London crowd has speedily learned to recognise his features in the royal carriages which have been such familiar objects lately, and have



Photo by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.

enthusiastically greeted him both for his own sake and because of his relationship to the Princess of Wales.

The day which registered the marriage of Princess May and our Sailor Duke as its first event was one that will not be soon forgotten in Merrie England. Sunshine greeted the first small hours of July 6, and expanded into blazing felicity as the wedding hour drew near. In a single beat the heart of their people went out to the royal couple when joyous artillery boomed through London tidings of their marriage. Both are young, kindly, amiable, and with the world a willing ball at their feet. May all go well with them!

When the engagement of our royal happy pair was announced—or, to be absolutely accurate, on reading that the wedding day was fixed—I drove to Piccadilly, engaged rooms at a rent the reverse of moderate, issued invitations to all my smartest friends, and hugged the belief that for once Time's forelock and my interesting personality were on button-holding terms. Everything fell in with this advance guard of preparation satisfactorily. The route was, apparently, marked out by my chart. The smart people accepted with avidity. A spread of some compass was ordered, and my finest brands turned into the ice-pail. So all went merrily as the day and the wedding bells. After a leisurely breakfast I took a hansom, and made the corner by 10.30 a.m., but made nothing more. A hideously authoritative bobby cut short my career with the ukase of "Traffic stopped," and the only courses left open were the Serpentine or the Club. Charmed I never so wisely, those Piccadilly rooms were unreachable for the procession; so, turning into the Wellington, I abandoned myself to the bitter end of reflection, rendered doubly acrid by the sure and certain knowledge that those dear friends were enjoying an excellent view, not to mention the '84 Pommery and accessories provided by my lonely and blighted self, while I, in despair, took a hot bath.

The mere matter of sex is not a deterrent to all women in the other matter of a crowd, and, feeling that I had some of the qualities which go to make a projectile, I mixed on wedding day with the unwashed in St. James's Park. Heavens! how unsavoury is hot humanity. The sun poured down, the people steamed up, while smiles and good humour reigned over all. I clung to the railings before the Palace, kept a handkerchief offering incense to my nose, and for reward saw everything. The state carriages, the royalties, the pageant, have all been twice told. But the crowd, how patiently it waited and how readily it laughed! I will swear to the fact that several obese old ladies within my range offered gratuities to strange males for a friendly hoist when the carriages were coming, so dreadfully intent were they on a view. "Blowed if I ain't more dead beat after that than a day's Parcels Post," said a jolly postman, depositing his fair burden on mother earth, and pocketing the agreed fee of eighteenpence. "You didn't 'old me 'igh enough," cried another dissatisfied dame, "and I'll only give you sixpence." Extreme merriment was caused when a seedy man, under the influence of ginger beer and sun probably, sat down in the middle of the cleared roadway, and declined to move until four policemen united their persuasions. For comicality and stolid good nature commend me to an English mob.

The Queen looked really happy and radiant when she appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace after the ceremony. A patient two-hours' wait was well repaid by the sight of her Majesty's welcome figure. She sat for quite ten minutes looking out on her people or chatting to the bride; and seemed to enjoy the novelty of this situation. The newly-made Duchess was well in evidence, too, and remarkably sweet

she looked in all her brave bridal array. She held her beautiful "shower posy" of orange-blossom and white roses in her hand. The Duchess of Teck, proud and happy, appeared also, behind her daughter. The bridegroom stood to his guns on the balcony, and wild cheers greeted his appearance and that of the Duchess as they stepped out from the banqueting-room to show themselves to the people. The Prince and Princess of Wales also came out for a moment. If there is any poetry in a crowd it must have shown itself to all these royal personages that day, with its background of river and the fair greenness of St. James's Park, while those who looked across to the Palace will not soon forget the personal fascination of that royal balcony scene.

Somebody with a kind heart and a spare seat sent me an invitation for a Charing Cross verandah, and to Charing Cross I thankfully went—in time to see the happy pair go by on their way to Liverpool Street. Two hours by the clock we sat in that window. But the humours of the British public are enthralling when you are on the first-floor and it is in the street. So the time went like a shooting star. One incident, which struck me as entirely charming, was the throwing of cold coppers into the street by some young bloods, with a view, no doubt, to demoralising small boys and enraging the much tried policeman. They succeeded in both. The street arabs dodged and scrambled for the pennies, while distracted bobbies threatened the windows and cuffed young England. But still the pence rained down. Suddenly an inspector appeared. He was a man of dry humour. Carefully picking up the money, he gravely saluted its late owners and put it in his pocket, thereby delighting the mob and discomfiting the mischief-makers. A dozen false alarms were raised, which turned out to be nothing more thrilling than her Majesty's mails or a County Council water-cart. Greeted with ironical cheers, these conveyances melted away with great celerity. Here they are at last, however—four thoroughbreds at a quick trot, a charming glimpse of the Duchess of York in a cream and gold frock, crowned with a tiny flower bonnet, the Duke bowing away industriously on the other side, and they are gone. Both young people looked grave and pale. But it was an exciting day, much anticipated and well accomplished, as the old saw bath it.

Just prior to the happy event of which we have all been talking and wearying, the golden wedding of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was celebrated in quiet fashion. The Grand Duchess, who is the sister of the Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck, received very many gifts from royal relatives. She is still wonderfully active, and thoroughly enjoys life.



Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

H.R.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

It is quite easy to understand the inaccuracies which are responsible for some of the most interesting episodes we accept as history. To read the various lengthy and brilliant reports of the royal wedding in the newspapers was an amusing commentary on the lack of unanimity among the scribes. One account says that the bride's response was "noticeably audible"; another, that it was "not heard by the large majority of the the congregation." One journalist informs us that her Majesty was "entirely in white"; another, that the Queen was "dressed in black." The Archbishop of Canterbury, according to one newspaper, read the service "in a tremulous voice"; but we are also assured that he recited the service in "a firm, clear manner." I might multiply many instances in which (quite unavoidably, owing to the haste in which the reports were penned) a pleasant variety of statement once more shows truth at the bottom of the well and not on the surface. For smart, descriptive style, a word of commendation is due to the *Westminster Gazette*, which did some exceptionally good work on an occasion when it was very difficult for journalists to carry out their duties.

That quaint figure with which most people are familiar at Kingstown, Ireland—"Davy Stephens"—has received from the Prince of Wales a letter acknowledging his congratulations on the royal wedding. Davy has "many a time and oft" had the satisfaction of personally supplying newspapers to several members of the Royal Family and other distinguished personages on their arrival at Kingstown, where he is quite a famous character.

Miss Mabel Chaplin has succeeded in gaining the first prize for violoncello music in the Brussels Conservatoire, thus sustaining abroad the honour of England.

I am glad that the little struggle at *Black and White*, which someone has called "The Great War," has come to an end. The editor-manager, Mr. Williamson, retires from both his posts, although he still retains large financial interests in the company. Mr. W. D. Ross, an accomplished journalist from the *Scottish Leader*, takes the manager's office, while the editorship-in-chief is still a matter of uncertainty. Meanwhile Mr. Oswald Crawford, the chairman of the company, supervises the literary department, and Mr. Brækstad looks after the artistic side. There is plenty of room, apparently, for any number of illustrated papers, and there seems no reason why *Black and White* should not speedily recover any ground it may have lost by the quarrels of its directors.

The Art and Literature Dinner at the Mansion House, the other day, was, doubtless, an entire success, and yet never, perhaps, was there so melancholy an array of speeches. An after-dinner speech should be bright, witty, cheerful; the after-dinner speeches at the Mansion House dinner were dull, pointless, and chilly. But by far the greatest point of interest is the number of people whose services to art and literature have yet to be elucidated to an ignorant multitude. Here are a few names: Mr. C. E. Lees, Mr. C. J. Todd, Mr. H. C. Erhardt, Mr. T. H. Worrall, Mr. Crews, Mr. H. C. Fehr, Mr. C. Gassiot.

The Premier of New Zealand, Mr. J. R. Seddon, has had a career remarkable even among the remarkable careers of colonial statesmen.

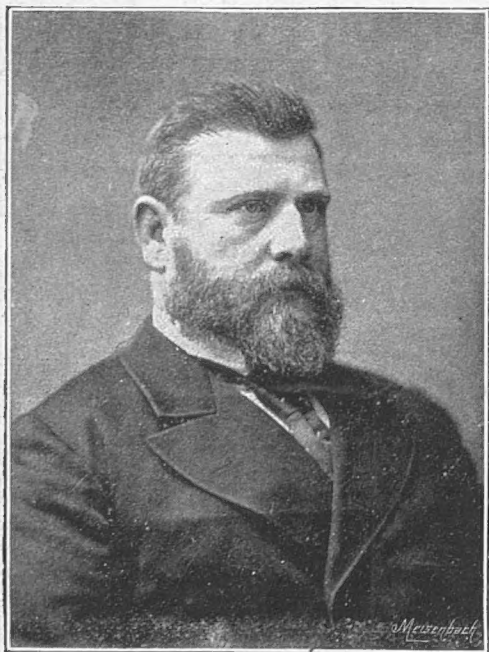


Photo by Wrigglesworth and Burns, Wellington.

HON. R. J. SEDDON, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

When he landed in New Zealand he was a sturdy English lad of twenty-two and the gold fever was at its height, so that he is now in the prime of life. The young emigrant, it is said, lacked even the most rudimentary education, but quickly grasping the possibilities of colonial life he set himself the task of making himself ready to take opportunities as they came along. All along the goldfields of the west coast of South Island "Dick" Seddon soon made his presence known—he is six feet—and after passing through every phase of goldfields life, gradually rising from Road Board to County Council and then to Parliament, is the member of an important gold district. He now occupies the highest post his fellow-colonists can bestow upon him. Mr. Seddon was an old colleague of the late Premier, Mr. Ballance, and held the portfolios of Defence and Public Works in the Ballance Government. During a portion of the last session of Parliament Mr. Ballance was too ill to lead the House, and Mr. Seddon was appointed Acting-Premier. The Cabinet which Mr. Seddon has formed is only a reconstruction of that of Mr. Ballance. He is very popular, a forcible speaker, and great things are expected of him in New Zealand.

Poor Guy de Maupassant has gone under at last. His was a cruel fate—first, the melancholy intellectual death that overtook him some months ago, to be followed by that tedious physical decay which so often succeeds the disease from which he suffered. In many ways



THE LATE M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

he may be said to have been cradled in romance. Born of an ancient and noble Norman house in 1850, he found himself the heir of many traditions, and as the godson of the masterly Flaubert he was further dowered for his life-work. As a soldier in the Franco-German campaign he saw something of the horrors of war, but the everyday path of his life was cast in the prosaic lines of a badly paid Government clerk. What of that, however, when his godfather, Flaubert, took him in hand to train him in the craft of letters? The result was brilliant. He threw in his lot with the naturalistic school, and appeared as one of the contributors to a collection of stories brought out by Zola with the title of "Les Soirées de Médan." That was just in 1880 and yet Maupassant has left no fewer than thirty volumes, written in the short space of eleven years. Gifted to an unusual degree with the faculty of narrative, and acquiring by the education of his godfather the art of telling his story, Maupassant possessed many of the qualities of a great artist in fiction. Everything he did, notwithstanding that he wrote so largely at high pressure for the newspaper, was brilliant, clear cut, and striking, though to the English mind there was a dearth of that deeper insight which no amount of training can give a novelist. His work was characteristically French, and as such undoubtedly robbed him of many English readers. He lived at fever heat, and paid the penalty in the mental depression which made such short work of him in the end.

THE VICTORIA.

Four score fathoms of water!

Six hundred souls aboard!

A rent in her starboard quarter!

Stretch forth Thine arm, O Lord,

From Carmel, where Thou dwellest

Now, as in olden time,

And 'neath Thy footstool tellet

The fleets of every clime,

Since Sidon's sails, low bending,

Bore forth their bales afar,

Till in the soft sun-wending

Move England's ships of war;

Now parting, as though conflict

To peaceful times gave place,

To left and right, as when the fight

Demands some breathing space.

Now near, now nearer, nearest—

Now into line they wheel:

God guard thee, thou that steerest!

God guide those prows of steel!

Too late: with crash like thunder,

The giant forms collide;

Her bulwarks torn asunder,

Her death-wound in her side.

O royal craft that bearest

The name of England's Queen,

O splendid one that wearest

The pennon that hath been,

Of England's might the token,

Of England's hope the goal,

His pride, whose name unspoken

Is graven on the soul.

That wound—no foeman dealt it—

No foe could draw so nigh.

Ah! bitter the grief that knows no relief

In the face of sea and sky.

W. C. B.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN EN ROUTE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The University cricket match of 1893 will probably live in the memory of man with no very enviable fame attached to it. For it lasted but two days; it was disappointing in the quality of the play generally; it was hopelessly one-sided, and it included a little bit of sharp practice which, though within the written laws of cricket, was dangerously near the boundary of the unwritten law of sportsmanship.

The practice of a weaker side not trying to avoid the follow-on, in order to obtain a second innings while the wicket was in good order and against tired bowlers, is, perhaps, not too chivalrous; but it is not worthy of condemnation. The weaker may surely resort to a slight ruse of this nature, and catch any slight advantage that may lie therein. When the scoring on both sides is very heavy, so that eighty runs is a mere bagatelle, then perhaps the side that has scored most may reasonably do much to prevent the follow-on.

But Cambridge had apparently determined to avert the follow-on at all costs. Their team had lost to the Australians mainly because the latter, following on, scored heavily against wearied bowlers, and Oxford must not have the same chance. So, oblivious of the fact that they had already dismissed nine of their antagonists for a paltry ninety-six or so, and could reasonably expect to do the same again, as their bowlers had not been at all wearied, the Light Blues abetted the tactics of Mr. Wells, who, by contributing eight wilful extras, secured the third innings for his own side.

That innings proved entirely superfluous. It intensified the failure of the Sikh whom his friends call Smith; it gave runs to those who had made them before; it showed a pleasing bit of slogging by two eminent football men; but, in fine, it was superfluous.

And when it was over came misery. Victim after victim came up, blocked through many maiden overs, poked singles, lit a hectic joy on the faces of friends by a daring four, then collapsed, and left another fall to be recorded by the maddening vagaries of the scoring-board. The only fear was that the mournful spectacle might stretch on over the time of drawing of stumps, and leave a fag-end to be worked through on the third day. But fate was kind, and put on Bromley-Davenport, and the end came quickly. And they who love cricket went home and strove to forget everything.

Not that aught illegal can be alleged against the gifted Wells; nor otherwise, we can now see, would the match have been prolonged much beyond the luncheon hour. A match in brilliant weather to be over in less than a day and a half! Where would be the social opportunities? Where the gate-money? No; the bowler acted according to his lights, and it will be an unmerited, if not wholly singular, circumstance if he who takes advantage to the full of the laws of cricket in a manner rather business-like than chivalrous is known in future as a "Wellser."

One thing, however, was perfect. The arrangements made for preventing the general public from seeing anything of the play were artistically complete. A circle of grand stands and carriages girdled the entire ground. A fringe of the earliest comers was inside the carriages; another fringe caught doubtful and precarious glances of half a batsman, or the flash of the bowler's arm, between a top hat and a lady's sleeves. All which was very interesting. But with these comparatively few exceptions (and no precautions can be ideally complete) those who had paid their humble shilling were successfully and skilfully shut out from a view of the cricket, and all that they had acquired for that shilling was the right to pay a similar amount for about threepennyworth of Neapolitan ice.

Now, I am not quarrelling with the M.C.C. for their arrangements. To induce men to give shillings or large sums for nothing or very little is the secret of modern finance. Not otherwise acts the outside broker, the "Labour leader," the journalist. But surely it would be better to abolish the shilling public altogether, and frankly require the aristocratic crown from all comers. This might result in a slight pecuniary loss, for the five-shilling public would have to be allowed to see the game; but think of the gain to the corporate conscience of the M.C.C.! For, really, with the present arrangements, most of these shillings are taken under what is far too like false pretences.

Or another method might be followed. Let one ground be retained, as at present, for the University match. This could be reserved for University men, whose chief desire is to see which will win. Another

ground could be set apart for the display of toilets and the meeting of acquaintances. The carriages might stand there, and high society generally might disport itself. Perhaps some clown cricketers might be hired to preserve the appearance of the occasion. Yet it would be best to have a serious game of some sort; for otherwise the attention of the spectators might be distracted from looking at each other.

Then, perhaps, at a third ground, a really good cricket match might be organised for the benefit of those who like the game. Thus the three elements might be sorted out, and each might have what it likes. At present the "social" element merely hampers the others. No one who has not tried it can realise the torture of looking at a cricket match though the interstices of a row of ladies. No deliberate and fiendish intent of a Spanish Inquisitor ever equalled the torturing power of their utter ignorance. They are constantly on the move—rising, sinking, bending over to gossip right and left, turning round to look for friends, and at every movement cutting off the view of numbers behind. Sooner than not get in the way, they will even look at the match.

But I am ready to acknowledge that all this cruelty is accidental. So far from knowing that they are excluding anyone from a view of a cricket match, I have no doubt many ladies do not realise that they are at a cricket match at all. The stories illustrative of this fact are familiar to all readers of *Punch*, and will probably be familiar to readers of *Punch* in future years. We all know the artless creature who pronounces it unfair to put only two of one University against eleven (or thirteen if, as is probably the case, she includes the umpires) of the other. We all know how when one man makes a hit for four some sweet creature will exult in the fact that the other three can now enjoy a needed rest.

Even Irish members, "angelic" as we know them to be, are subject to lapses of memory and judgment. It was unfortunate, to say the least, for one of them to swear to the accuracy of a certain statement concerning the conduct of a debate, and then calmly have the persons responsible for that statement assure the public that it was merely a joke, as anyone with a grain of humour would have seen. And it was more unfortunate still for another to explain in moving and pathetic language how a somewhat violent speech of his was but the outcome of his indignation at a cruel and ruthless massacre—and then to have it turn out that the enormity had occurred just nine months after the speech which it called forth.

Of course, it was a mistake—a mistake any man might have made. Patriots are always making speeches, and enormities are always happening, and it is painfully easy to get them mixed. But what becomes of the wealth of affecting detail, the pathetic recital of the storm and stress of feeling under which the honourable member spoke? What of all the vivid remembrance of that which never happened—which could not have happened? "Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative." Oh! patriots of Erin, have ye become followers of Pooh-Bah?

Not that the Irish member is probably one whit more given to the harmless but necessary taradiddle than his Scotch, Welsh, and English colleagues. But he has a finer dramatic sense of fitness. He divines by instinct what is the proper thing to say under the momentary circumstances; he says it instinctively, and without due inquiry into the crude and brutal facts of the case. Then the base, mechanical Saxon rises and inexorably points out discrepancies. Really this is superfluous. He has been witnessing a fine dramatic performance. Why cavil at its inaccuracy? As well get up in the stalls at the Lyceum and protest against the unhistorical character of some of Mr. Irving's statements in an historical play.

When these lines appear in print the royal marriage will be an accomplished fact. I, therefore, only need register my hearty wishes for the happiness of the illustrious pair, and wish them a future one royal flush of *couleur de rose*. As a bard myself, perhaps I may add my unofficial ode to the semi-official and demi-semi-official effusions of Bard Morris (Lewis) and Bard Austin; and the rest.

Ode on the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of York with Princess Victoria Mary of Teck—

Let others crush and quaff and gorge
To welcome May and also George;
But I will wish from far away
Good luck to George and also May. MARMITON.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.
BY ETHEL WRIGHT.



A FUNNY STORY.
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BUTTERFLIES.

BY H. DEVEY BROWNE.

I am a very quiet medical man in a dull provincial town. Most provincial towns are dull, and perhaps most medical men are quiet. However, even as a student I was more fond of books than of spees. For some years entomology has been the amusement of my leisure, and looking at dead Lepidoptera does not show one much of "life," written thus between inverted commas.

Not long ago I was driving down the High Street, when I saw my old schoolfellow Dick Dashwood strolling along. I at once stopped the unpretending victoria which conveys me to my patients, and ran after him.

"Why, Dick," said I, "how are you? About the last man I expected to see in this place."

"Great Scott!" said he, "it's Simkin!"

"What brought you here?" I asked. "How's your uncle?"

"Uncle be hanged!" said he. "Don't you know I jacked up all that confounded rot ages ago? No more stuffy old lawyer's offices for me! Didn't you know I started on the stage? Not know that? Why, old man, you live like a vegetable down here. Still go hunting for those old moths, eh?"

"Stage," said I; "you don't mean to say——"

"Yes, I do; I'm at the theatre here now."

"But you're only quite a minor man, then?"

"Minor, by Jove!" he gasped. "Why, there's my name at the top." And he pointed to a board with a bill on it.

"Where?" I asked.

"Can't you read? Isn't it big enough? 'Clarence Cholmondeley and his entire company, scenery, furniture, and effects.'"

"Are you an 'effect'?" I asked.

"Very much," he said, smiling. "I see you don't understand a bit. I'm Clarence Cholmondeley, of course."

"Of course," I echoed. "I tell you what I'll do, I'll come and see you act."

"Delighted, my dear fellow; I'll send you a ticket. Ever been behind the scenes?"

"Never," said I. "I should rather like to. It must be interesting to see all the actors and actresses."

"Especially the actresses," said he, winking, which was needless and rude, for I am the most bashful of men. Then we parted.

In the evening I abandoned my books, my entomological specimens, and my pipe, the beloved companions of my quiet evenings, and started for this new experience. It seemed a pity, just as I was in the midst of that essay for our Field Club on the Coleoptera. Half an hour later I had forgotten the anterior wings of beetles, and was thinking only of the serpentine dance of a much more fascinating creature, described in the playbill as Miss Gladys de Vere. It was a species hitherto unknown to me. It is all very well to laugh and to call me a greenhorn and a bookworm. I defy any man, even an entomologist, to sit and look at that exquisite face and that perfect figure without feeling—— But it's no use raving now.

As soon as the first act was finished I stumbled along a dark, narrow passage to the stage door. A few minutes later I passed to the other side of that mysterious barrier, and stood in the region of fancy and romance. I did not stand long, for the rapid movement of the "furniture and effects" made that impossible. By the merest chance I escaped a violent blow on the head from some descending apparatus, and, by clinging to a shifting scene, just avoided being tripped up by a moving carpet. Then I was led into Dick's dressing-room.

"Come along, old man," said he; "I suppose you never spoke to an actor before. Not in your line at all. And as for an actress——"

"Oh, never!" I said; "but I don't see why I shouldn't."

"Do you mean to say you would—you, a respectable doctor, with a taste for blackbeetles and cockroaches and that sort of thing? I tell you what, I'll introduce you to one of them just for the fun of it."

"I—I should be delighted. But which one?"

"Anyone you like. Come along."

The first person we saw as we left the room was the enchanting Miss de Vere, sitting in a corner, drinking tea.

"Dick! I say, Dick!" I whispered eagerly.

"Well?" said he, with unnecessary loudness.

"I say—if you like—you know"—and I glanced towards the vision of loveliness.

"Why the deuce didn't you say it at first?" he remarked, as he stepped towards her. "Let me introduce Dr. Simkin to you."

She looked up and smiled—such a heavenly smile—and I gasped out a few words. I was rather surprised to find so much black and red and other pigments on her face, but all these extraneous matters did not alter the beauty of her eyes or the grace of her form.

Then Dick placed me where I could see everything without interfering with anyone, but I did not stay there long. When I saw him performing I started a sort of butterfly chase, and found Miss de Vere in another corner. She smiled again, and she spoke pleasantly. I started a conversation, and I was getting on delightfully—it is astonishing how a man who is bashful can be encouraged by a woman who is not—when suddenly she frowned, stood up, and walked away without a word.

I was aghast. Just as I was getting on so pleasantly, I had evidently offended her. I followed to explain or to apologise, and fell into the arms of Dick.

"Look out, my dear man," said he, in a low but excited voice; "you were almost on!"

"On what?" said I, bewildered.

"Hush!" he said, with a frightened look, as he pulled me back. "By Jove, don't speak so loud! You'll be heard. It's all very well wanting to be introduced to actresses, but I can't have you running after them like that. If I hadn't caught you, you'd have been on."



We saw the enchanting Miss de Vere, sitting in a corner, drinking tea.

"On what?" I asked again, in an agitated whisper.

"Oh, you duffer," he said, "on the stage, of course! What on earth were you after?"

"Nothing," said I, "that is, I—I was speaking to Miss de Vere, and suddenly she looked quite offended and walked off. I'm afraid I said something—though I don't know what could offend her—I was speaking of butterflies."

"She's not offended," said he, pulling me to a place whence I could see the stage. "She's the virtuous heroine, and it was just time to go on and confront the villain. There she is confronting him."

I watched the indignant anger of this delicate creature with respectful admiration, thankful that it was not directed against me. When the curtain fell, she passed me and smiled more pleasantly than ever.

"So you like butterflies?" I said.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "and flowers and anything that's pretty. But I must be off now. Good night!"

Then I sought out Dick, shook his hand heartily, and went home.

That night I lay awake thinking of the pretty actress, and the next day an idealised vision of loveliness seemed to rise between me and the terribly prosaic provincial invalids whose trivial ailments provided me

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

It was on a train bound west, and the last thing at night, just before turning in, a passenger went up to the conductor of the sleeping car, a gentleman of colour, and the following conversation ensued—

"Say here, boy, I want to get off at Mudford Junction, so you must be sure to wake me in time."

"All right, boss."

"Now, look here, I'm a very heavy sleeper, and difficult to wake, so I want you to get me up and put me off any way, if I like it or not, when we get to Mudford. Here's a couple of dollars for you. Now, don't forget."

"Right you are, boss. You shall be put off at Mudford. I'll see to it."

Next morning the passenger was awakened by the ringing of a bell at a station they had reached.

"Holy Moses!" he exclaimed, when he looked out and discovered he had gone a long way beyond Mudford. Up he jumped, and rushed along the car to find the conductor. He discovered him busy fixing sticking-plaster over damages to his face and head.

"What do you mean by this, you rascal!" he yelled. "Didn't I give you a couple of dollars last night to put me off at Mudford Junction this morning, and here we are miles past it?"

The boy stopped his operations, and looked steadily at him for a few seconds. Then he said slowly, "Wha't, are yew the gent'l'man what told me to put him off at Mudford Junction?"

"Of course, I am," roared the passenger.

"Then," was the reply, "I should like to know who it was I *did* put off at Mudford Junction."

LOCOMOTION IN A BIG CITY.

It has been said that New York has worse means of communication within its own limits than any other civilised city. The New Yorkers have long been interested in the question of rapid transit, and during the last six months that interest has been increased by the sittings of a Commission on the subject. Shall it be by underground railways or by the elevated railroad system that this puzzle of rapid transit is to be solved? Many curious suggestions have been made to the Commissioners, some of which are quite novel. There is the "road upon stilts," a system by which a double track will accommodate four trains, for one train will run upon stilts, as it were, above the other, the lower train being, of course, upon a narrower gauge. Each station will have a platform on two floors, the upper serving the local traffic

and the lower the fast express—the transit on each line running in opposite directions. One ingenious gentleman proposes to settle the question by a suspended electric railway, by which he hopes to attain a speed of from two to three miles a minute. Each track will consist of two single rails, from which cars will be suspended on each side of the line of supporting iron columns. Each car is to contain twelve people in a single row of separate seats, thus providing a clear passage way on the other side of the car. The cars are made of basket work, covered with light wood, and, being pointed at each end, encounter little air resistance. Guide wheels, running on a side rail on the sides of the supporting iron posts, will prevent any swinging motion. Quicker still in conception is the plan of a stone merchant. He proposes to combine the elevated and the underground systems by erecting massive six-storey buildings along the adopted route. The underground line will run through the basement, and on the fifth storey there will be a double track for local trains, and on the sixth a track on either side of the others for the express train service. The rest of the buildings not occupied by travel would be leased out as flats or offices, the city being landlord of the whole show. Then there is the "Arctic Railway." Rails are replaced by iron pipes containing a freezing mixture, which will "condense and congeal the moisture in the atmosphere, and form a slippery surface for the cars to slide over." The cars will have shoes instead of wheels. The motive power in this case is obtained from water under high pressure contained in a large pipe lying midway in the track, with two rows of nozzles, one opening forwards and one backwards. Eighty miles an hour is the speed which this train on snowshoes is expected to attain.



I met her walking with a tall, dark man and a small child, and she looked away from me.

with the necessities of life. But after I had told them all that it was a fine day—which it was not—and that they were going on very nicely, and should continue the mixture or the tonic, I was able to sit peacefully in my own sitting-room, face to face with my entomological collection and the remembrance of a still later craze. I felt quite tired of those beastly beetles, and I looked at the butterflies only to see if any were worthy of her acceptance. Did she not say that she liked butterflies and flowers? Flowers! Then I made a few remarks, which the extremity of my anguish might make excusable, and, seizing the nearest victim of my rage, which happened to be my unfinished essay on the "Metamorphosis of the Coleoptera Cryptopentamera," I tore it into little pieces and flung them into the waste-paper basket.

Of course, I ought to have taken the hint and sent her a bouquet. I did so the next day, and saw her in the evening, when she thanked me with what would doubtless have been a pretty blush if the exigencies of her profession had left her face uncovered.

During the next few days I felt that I was a fool. My patients must have felt the same. The local florist asked if I would like a regular account, and the stage-door keeper knew me as a sort of night moth, which lay shillings instead of eggs. Then, one morning I met her walking with a tall, dark man and a small child, and she looked away from me.

"Dick," I cried, bursting into the hotel coffee-room, where he was finishing his late breakfast, "what on earth does it mean?"

"What mean?" he asked. "You're too fond of riddles. I give it up."

"Miss de Vere!" I gasped. "Who's that man—tall, dark?"

"My dear fellow," he said calmly, "what's the matter with you? That's Smith, her husband."

M. JULES CLARETIE.

A CHAT WITH THE DIRECTOR OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

M. Jules Claretie, who sustains both the managerial and financial responsibilities of the Théâtre Français, has quite as striking a personality as any of the distinguished actors or actresses over whom he exercises his rule. It is hard to believe that the tall, soldierly-looking man who receives you in his little business room at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, will never see fifty again; but a few minutes' chat with Monsieur l'Administrateur soon betrays that, though he has retained a surprising look of youth, his wide knowledge of men and things has fitted him in a unique degree for the delicate post which he now holds.

"Your position, Monsieur," I observed, "is quite peculiar, I believe, to the Théâtre Français, and is really in the gift of the French Government?"

"That is so," replied M. Claretie. "The post of Administrateur to the Comédie Française is by no means an easy one, for I have to consider the Government, the actors and actresses, and the public. If anything goes wrong, I am always the one on whom blame is laid, and, although I have, of course, no pecuniary interest in the theatre, the financial responsibility falls on me in a great measure. On all important occasions I am the mouthpiece and representative of the Minister, and I choose what plays are to be acted both in the old and new répertoires."

"Then do you make a great feature of revivals, or do you trust to modern talent for your new plays?"

M. Claretie hesitated. "Since I have been at the Comédie—that is to say, during the last eight years—we have produced many new plays and resuscitated several old masterpieces. I am very fond of Shakspeare, and both 'Hamlet' and 'The Taming of the Shrew' quite fulfilled my expectations of proving great successes. But you must remember that, however successful a play may be, we only give it night and night about, for our classic répertoire must not be neglected, and it is rare indeed that even the most old-fashioned plays do not get a turn from time to time. We have produced short plays this year by both Scarron and Marivaux."

"And, frankly, are these the sort of plays that please your audiences best?"

M. l'Administrateur smiled. "You must remember that we have many publics; in France everyone goes to the theatre; our popular audiences delight in the good old style, and are never so happy as when witnessing one of our ancient *chefs-d'œuvre*. The Mardistes (literally, 'Tuesdayites'), our smart contingent, prefer to see a reflection of their own lives, and therefore Dumas, Augier, and Pailleron are their favourite authors. To the matinées come old people and collegians brought by their parents: they like a good spectacular display. Then, again, we make a specialty of performances to which a young girl can bring her mother," he added, with a twinkle in his eye. "In this répertoire may be mentioned Richpin's 'Le Flibustier,' several of De Musset's short poetic plays, 'La Joie Fait Peur,' and a score of others which are none the less interesting for being innocent."

"What have been your greatest successes of late years?"

"I should say decidedly 'Denise,' 'Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie,' and 'Francillon.' Next winter I hope to produce a new comedy by Dumas, the long-awaited-for 'Route de Thèbes,' and one by Pailleron."

"Then you have a discretionary power of ordering plays from distinguished dramatists?"

"Well, no—not exactly; but I can suggest that they should send in a play, and, of course, works by such authors are sure to be welcomed effusively by our reading committee."

"And your reading committee, M. Claretie; will you tell me something about it?"

"It is very simple. Supposing a new author has written a play, and wishes to try his luck at the Théâtre Français; he has but to leave his

manuscript at the door. It is then read by two readers, who each draw up a report, and communicate it to one another. If their joint opinion be favourable, a notice is sent to the writer, and a day is fixed for him to read his work to the reading committee, which, as you are probably aware, is composed of a number of our actors and myself."

"And, I suppose, M. Claretie, that you also include some of your charming lady sociétaires?"

He shook his head sadly. "Till lately our ladies, of course, were eligible, but I am sorry to say they lost that privilege. Perhaps they will get it again some day, for many among them have an admirable judgment where literary matters are concerned. Because these readings are sometimes exceedingly dull, the ladies brought bon-bons and fancy work, and were not quite as serious as they might have been. Still, of course, they all assist when the rôles of a new piece are distributed, and often they do not lose much by having missed the first reading. But when a man like M. Dumas reads his own work it is a rare treat to listen to him."

"I suppose it seldom happens that the work of an absolutely unknown author is accepted?"

"Indeed, you are mistaken. I suppose there is no theatre in the world which has produced more first works of dramatists who have later become famous than the Théâtre Français. We think more of merit than of name, though, alas, the two often go together."

"Have you a limit of age, or can an actor or actress enter the theatre at any time?"

"We have practically no limit of age, and many actors and actresses, after having made a great name elsewhere, are proud to come and join us as pensionnaires. But, of course, the majority come straight from the Conservatoire—for instance, Mdlle. Reichenberg, who is, as I suppose you are aware, our doyen, not in point of age, but in point of time. She won the prize for comedy at the age of fourteen, and was a member of the Comédie one year later. We are not obliged to take Conservatoire first-prize winners, but as a general rule they become part of the Maison de Molière."

"And have you yourself entirely given up novel and play writing?" for methought I remembered that the first success of Madame Jane Hading had been made in Monsieur l'Administrateur's brilliant "Prince Zillah."

He shook his head somewhat sadly. "My duties at the theatre take up all my time; but I cannot deny that I would much rather be writing plays than producing those of other people," he added, with melancholy candour. "There is actually a play of mine, written before I came to the Comédie, accepted

by the Gymnase; but I am hesitating very much as to whether I will have it produced yet awhile, for, you see, if it turns out a failure people will say, 'Who is he who refuses other people's work?' and, on the other hand, if it becomes a great success my friends here will be not a little hurt that I did not keep it for ourselves, for we are a very united family in the Maison de Molière."

SHOULD JOCKEYS BE NUMBERED?

Many visitors to our racecourses grumble because they cannot make out the horses as they go for the preliminary canter. Number cloths under the saddle have been tried, but to these owners objected, as they may be the means of disseminating contagious disease. Captain Coe makes a suggestion to racing officials which is workable, and is not open to any serious objection. Why not let the jockey wear his number back and front as a bicyclist does when running in the race? One or two owners might say the numbers would not harmonise with the colours of the silk jacket, but this would be trifling when compared with the convenience it would be to novices visiting the course for the first time, who could compare the number on the card with that worn by the jockey, and see at a glance the horse's name. Further, the plan would add largely to the ranks of the amateur critics, and it would in time teach the young punters to look before they leap.



M. JULES CLARETIE.

Photo by Van Bosch, Paris.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"MANY INVENTIONS," BY RUDYARD KIPLING.*

This volume shows no failing in the vigour and versatility of Mr. Kipling's talent. There are stories of soldiers, of sailors, of animals; there is a romance of the sea-serpent which ought to put every nautical yarn-spinner on his mettle; there is a romance of the transmigration of souls, and another about the signs of the Zodiac; there is a piece of the grimmest realism studied in the East End, and in addition to all this artistic work Mr. Kipling throws in numberless hints and miniature lectures on the ignorance and folly of everybody who does not share his views about religion and politics. I am not greatly interested to know what Mr. Kipling thinks of the Empire, Parliamentary institutions, and the principle of democracy as compared with the principle of monarchy, or the services which crowned heads are at this moment personally rendering to the universe. The author of "Many Inventions" believes it is necessary for a storyteller to have strong opinions about everything under the sun, to take sovereigns and statesmen under his patronage, always excepting the statesmen whose portion is the wrath and scorn of every right-thinking patriot, and generally to assure the world that the only touchstone of wisdom is in the

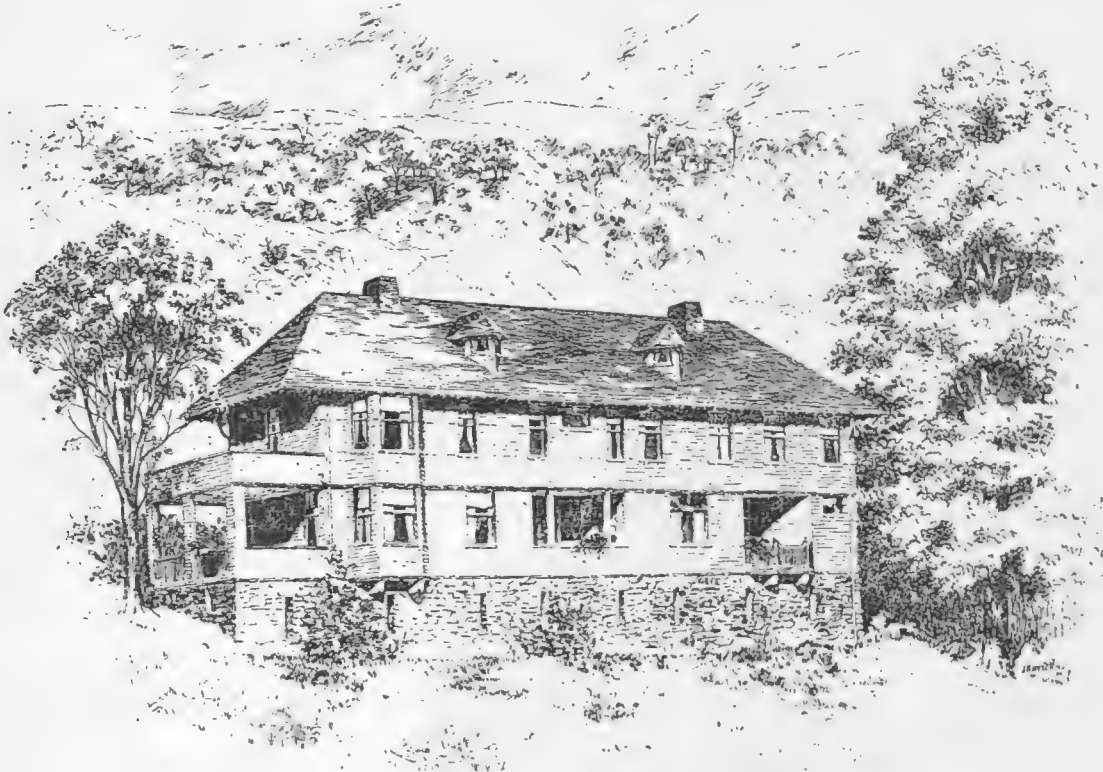
of turning the whole traffic in another direction, till one day the Admiralty Survey ship comes along, and a man in a boat says, "What the devil's wrong with this strait?" "There's nothing wrong," says Dowse. "You leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone. Go round by the Ombay Passage, and don't cut up my water. You're making it streaky." But they take him on board the ship, the poor fellow being stark mad, and wholly unaware that he is quite naked till he catches his reflection in the binnacle brasses. Dowse goes home, and falls among the Salvation Army, who exhibit him as "a Reformed Pirate," till he is rescued by the comrade who tells the story. "And now he's a wherryman from Portsmouth to Gosport, where the tides run crossways and you can't row straight for ten strokes together." The vividness of all this is perfectly marvellous. I am sure that whenever I take a steamer on the Thames, and watch the tide running in streaks, I shall think of Dowse, and have a queer sensation in my head. But Mr. Kipling performs a more extraordinary feat in "The Finest Story in the World." Here is a bank clerk, aged twenty. He torments Mr. Kipling with his literary compositions, which are rubbish. But one day he has a surprising inspiration. It is the history of a Greek galley-slave, and he shows a singular knowledge of that ancient

sailor's habits. To crown all, he scribbles some few words on a sheet of notepaper, which Mr. Kipling, in a frenzy of wonder, takes to the British Museum, where the "Greek Antiquity man" announces that they are "an attempt to write extremely corrupt Greek on the part of an extremely illiterate person." The bank clerk never knew a word of Greek, pure or corrupt, in his life. He has written something which has come back to him from a former state of existence. A thousand years ago and more he was the galley-slave whose adventures are struggling into his memory through all the intervening partitions and transitions of innumerable lives. As the light of this discovery bursts upon him, Mr. Kipling dances among the Egyptian gods in the Museum, delirious with the thought that to him has been given "the chance to write the most marvellous tale in the world." It is not written, because the bank clerk's memory is too fitful, and he has a taste for irrelevant things of present enjoyment, such as the love of woman. But rarely has the idea of metempsychosis been treated with such skill.

Of course, our old friends Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd turn up again in these stories. I am rather weary of Mulvaney, though his drunken exploit with the elephant is told with immense *verve*. The soldier, officer or private, is not so universally interesting as

Mr. Kipling would have us believe, though he introduces a novelist in "A Conference of the Powers," just to show how a man of peace, who spends his working hours among the problems of souls and other civilised studies, can be impressed by a simple tale of a subaltern who has killed dacoits in Burmah. I suppose the sacredness of human life in our refined philosophy produces in the civilian's mind an ignorant contempt for the soldier, which Mr. Kipling is at pains to rebuke. Oddly enough, Sir William Fraser tells a droll story of Thackeray, who dined with some officers, and found them so intelligent that he repented him of the hard things he had written of their profession. But I don't think Thackeray would have been overpowered by a subaltern's tale of a hand-to-hand fight, and in this particular instance Mr. Kipling is scarcely so successful as in some others in making you feel the narrow limitations of the clubman's life. I find the most complete sense of that in the delightful tale which is called "In the Rukh." It is a story of the Indian forests, of the strange being who was nurtured among wolves and makes them do his bidding, who dwells in the jungle with all the authority of a pagan divinity, breathing the lore and the magic of the woods. Here is a picture of him making love to the daughter of the forest-ranger's Mohammedan butler: "There was the breathing of a flute in the *ruk*, or it might have been the song of some wandering wood-god, and, as they came nearer, a murmur of voices. The path ended in a little semicircular glade, walled partly by high grass and partly by trees. In the centre, upon a fallen trunk, his back to the watchers and his arm round the neck of Abdul Gafer's daughter, sat Mowgli, newly crowned with flowers, playing upon a rude bamboo flute, to whose music four huge wolves danced solemnly on their hind legs." The whole story has a subdued grace and a charm and a mystery which make me pleasantly oblivious of Mr. Kipling's opinions, and of that hard glare in his style which suggests that he has beaten it out like molten metal on the anvil.

L. F. A.



CROW'S NEST, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, AT BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

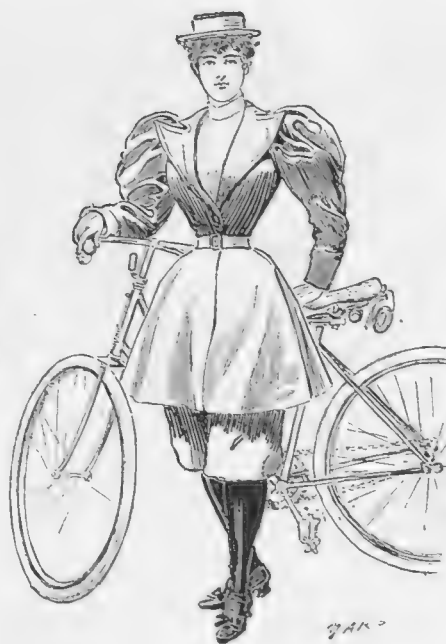
possession of a young man who has made a great reputation by writing fables. He goes down to the sea in ships with those whose business is in the great waters till he has mastered the terminology of seafaring in all its branches, and can spin you a ballad full of phrases hopelessly bewildering to the landsman, who at the same time is carried away by the spirit and the lilt of the verse. There is no doubt that Mr. Kipling succeeds almost invariably in saturating himself with the essence of his theme, be it the story of a lighthouse-keeper in Flores Straits, or of Lieutenant Judson steering his gunboat up an African stream, or of the tremendous ferment in mid-ocean when the sea-serpent, reposing on its rocky bed, is suddenly hurled to the surface. In every case the details are made to live with an intensity which I can compare to nothing save the familiar process of focussing the sun on your hand through a burning-glass.

Take the tale of the lighthouse-man in "The Disturber of Traffic." He leads a lonely life, with no companion save a demented creature called a sea-gypsy, who spent most of his time swimming up and down the straits, or skipping about the beach at low tide with the tigers. Dowse, the lighthouse-keeper, begins to go wrong in his head. Looking constantly at the tide makes him feel "streaky." "He saw there was long streaks of white running inside it, like wall-paper that hadn't been properly pasted up, he said. The streaks, they would run with the tides, north and south, twice a day, accordin' to their currents, and he'd be down on the planking—it was a screw-pile light—with his eye to a crack, and watch the water streaking through the piles just so quiet as hogwash." Dowse conceives the idea that it is the vessels which cause the streaks, so he determines to block the "fairway" by buoying it, and accumulating such a quantity of timber that it shall seem to be full of wreckage. This has the effect

* "Many Inventions." By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan and Co.

THE LATEST PARISIAN HOBBY:

FAIR FRENCHWOMEN ON WHEELS.



THE ETERNAL FEMININE AT CHICAGO.

"THE MEETING DISSOLVED IN TEARS."

Hearken now unto the chronicle of Woman (with a capital).

And the Chicago Woman (with a capital) said unto the sister world of Woman (with a capital)—

"Go to, now, let us build unto ourselves a great dry-goods store by the waters of Lake Michigan, yea, let us build it without the aid of man."

And Woman (with a capital) did send unto Boston, the place of bean-eaters, unto a bean-eating woman, an architect, who should build for Woman (with a capital) her great dry-goods store by the waters of Lake Michigan. And that bean-eating woman did build for Woman (with a capital) a building such as it hath not entered into the mind of man (without a capital) to conceive. And at each of the four corners of the building she placed a menacing angel, who should guard the roof-garden where Woman (with a capital) should drink tea—yea, should drink green tea in many tongues.

And when man (without a capital) saw the building and the menacing angels which had been made for Woman (with a capital) he trembled and said, "Lo, the Matriarchate is upon us! The Eternal Feminine hath arisen. She solveth the problems of the universe. She drinketh green tea in high places. She drinketh green tea. She taketh a sledge-hammer to crack nuts. Now will the problems of the world be solved. Woman, yea, Woman with a capital shall triumph, and man, mere man without a capital, shall perish."

And when the building of the bean-eating woman was finished, Woman (with a capital) said, "Come, let us dedicate our dry-goods store which we have built without the aid of man. Let us dedicate it to Womanity, yea, even unto the Eternal Feminine." And they called unto Woman (with a capital) in far lands, saying, "Come hither and help us, for we would dedicate the great dry-goods store which we, Woman (with a capital), have built."

And from far and near came they that were called, bearing in their hands strange gifts which should adorn the dry-goods store. And some brought pictures painted by women, yea, pictures and frescoes such as it hath not entered into the mind of man (without a capital) to conceive. And Bashkirtseffism reigned within the walls of that great dry-goods store. And others brought cookery books such as no man (without a capital) hath ever written, yea, cookery books in many tongues, and these they placed in a library, which they dedicated to the works of the Eternal Feminine. And queens of far lands did spin and did plait straw hats after a fashion not aforetime seen of man.

And Woman (with a capital) beheld her dry-goods store and the dry goods thereof, and said: "Yea, it is good. Alone I did it, without the aid of man."

And among the dry goods brought from far lands was a hammer, yea, a hammer of gold and silver, studded with gems from the mines, the mines of Colorado, and there was likewise a nail also of precious metals and of precious stones.

And Woman (with a capital) said, "Come, let us do the hammer trick, for hath not man, American President man (without a capital), hath he not done the button trick when that man opened his great dry-goods store by the waters of Lake Michigan, and shall not Woman (with a capital) have a hammer trick wherewith to open her dry-goods store?"

And so they gave the hammer, yea, the jewelled hammer and the nail studded with precious stones, unto the Woman (with a very big capital) whom they had chosen to be their queen, and they bade her rehearse the hammer trick after the manner of a woman of old—a woman named Jael. But because there was no Sisera—for was not Sisera a man without a capital?—they brought unto their queen a bit of the beam from the building which the bean-eating woman had made. For Woman, being the Eternal Feminine, could not go unto the beam, wherefore the beam was brought unto woman.

And man stood without and murmured, "Behold, she will hit her thumb and not the nail; for no woman, save one named Jael, did ever hit a nail that did not bruise her thumb."

Then said Woman, "Let us humbug man."

And woman did humbug man, for she did make in that bit of the beam of the bean-eating woman's building a hole that should fit the nail, yea, the nail studded with precious stones.

And they bade the President, the man who had done the button trick, to come and see woman do the hammer trick at the great feast of the dedication of the woman's dry-goods store. But the man who had done the button trick was a wily man, and he sent, saying, "I pray thee have me excused"; for being man (without a capital) he feared what Woman (with a capital) might do and say unto him.

And they sent unto another man—man with a title but without a capital, one who was called Duke of Veragua, and they said unto him, "Come and see woman do the hammer trick." But the man of Veragua, the man with the title, sent unto Woman (with a capital), saying, "I pray thee have me excused. I come from a land where woman is not yet with a capital."

Whereupon Woman (with a capital) seized a woman (without a capital, but with a title), one who was called Duchess of Veragua, with her daughter and other women who were with titles but without capitals,

and brought them unto their great dry-goods store, unto the feast of the dedication.

And there was music made by women, and the musicians were likewise women, and a woman preacher from the bean-eating city rose up and prayed with a loud voice, and a woman poet spake verses, strange and wonderful, of her own making; and all that was done and said that day at the feast of the dedication of the woman's dry-goods store was the work of Woman (with a capital). And some of the women with titles marvelled much, for they knew not a word of the tongue in which these things were said and done.

And when Queen Potter Palmer had done the hammer trick, the women that were gathered together in the dry-goods store made a great noise and called out to man, who stood without and marvelled, "See, she hath hit the nail and not her fingers!" And some smiled, for they knew the secret of the hammer trick, and they whispered one to another, "Lo, we have humbugged man."

And there was likewise a scissors trick, and this was the manner thereof—

It came to pass that a man, a man without a capital but of great courage, came forth and waved a banner of silk, yea, a star-spangled banner, over the head of Queen Potter Palmer. And he said, "This shall be for a gift unto the woman's dry-goods store."

And while he spake it came to pass that there arose a woman who held in her hand a pair of scissors, yea, a pair of silver scissors. And with these scissors she cut from the banner a portion of the fringe thereof, and the fringe and the silver scissors she gave unto Queen Potter Palmer to be her own for ever. And then it was seen why the banner had been waved over the head of Queen Potter Palmer. For it was that the scissors—the silver scissors—which cut the fringe should be given unto the Queen. For these scissors that did cut the fringe were the gift of an evil fairy—one who had cursed the scissors, and said, "Let them sever the sister world of women." And from that day forth the sister world of women was severed, and its meetings were meetings that dissolved in tears.

By the waters of Lake Michigan Woman (with a capital) hath lifted up her voice, yea, she hath lifted up her voice and wept. And the meeting, the great meeting of the Eternal Feminine—that meeting hath dissolved in tears.

Wherefore these tears, oh, Board of Lady Managers? Wherefore that weeping by the waters of Lake Michigan? Why these tearful meetings, these meetings that dissolved in tears? Was it the drinking of tea, of much green tea, or the accursed scissors that severed the sister world of women, or was it the Duchess, she of Veragua, and other women with titles but without capitals, that brought forth these tearful meetings, these meetings that dissolved in tears?

Make answer, O Board of Lady Managers. O Queen Potter Palmer, make reply.

Hearken, O Woman (with a capital), Woman that hath her club and eateth at feminine banquets, that dineth in public, that smoketh cigarettes. Hearken unto the tale of the meetings, the meetings that dissolved in tears.

Queen Potter Palmer had made a great feast, and had bidden unto it all the women with titles, and likewise all that had brought gifts unto the woman's dry-goods store which they had built by the waters of Lake Michigan. But there was one who had not been bidden to the feast of the women of titles. And she was wroth, for she would fain have sat beside a duchess and have touched the hand of a real live countess, being an American woman, a woman without a title.

So when the Board of Lady Managers met in the upper chamber of their great dry-goods store, a woman called Phœbe—she who had not been bidden to the Feast of Titles, who had not sat by the side of duchesses in high places—lifted up her voice and spake against her queen, yea, even against Queen Potter Palmer, whom the women of Chicago had chosen to be their queen.

And they would have comforted Phœbe, but she would not hearken, but still spake against the Queen. And others who had not sat beside the duchess, who had not supped at the Feast of Titles, were likewise wroth.

And Queen Potter Palmer arose and said unto Phœbe: "O woman, could you not bear that I alone should drive beside her of Veragua?" And Queen Potter Palmer lifted up her voice and wept, and said unto the women, the women who loved titles, "I will no longer be your queen."

Then all the women lifted up their voices and wept, and refused to be comforted, because of Queen Potter Palmer and her grief.

And one among them arose and said, "O sister world of women! shall we be severed because of a duchess? Because Phœbe hath not sat in high places beside a duchess, shall the sister world of women be sundered?—that sister world that might all join hands and lift up their voices above the brutal uproar of the world, and the sound of their lips would become the voice of universal peace.* Are we not all queens, and shall a duchess sow dissension among us?"

And when Elizabeth Lady Stanton had ceased to speak, those who had heard her turned and glared on Phœbe, and still Phœbe refused to be comforted. And yet again Queen Potter Palmer wept, but was comforted. And man (without a capital) stood without the closed doors and listened, and said, "Behold, the Eternal Feminine that solveth the problems of the world—that drinketh green tea in high places—behold! she hath held a meeting, and the meeting dissolved in tears!"

* "The Bostonians" (Henry James).

HOTELS ON WHEELS.

I.—BY THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

The late lamented General Wade, despite his admirable efforts in the far north, immortalised in unforgettable doggerel, did not make Scotland



INTERIOR OF A FIRST-CLASS DINING-CARRIAGE, SHOWING PORTION OF SALOON WITH SMOKING-ROOM, ETC.

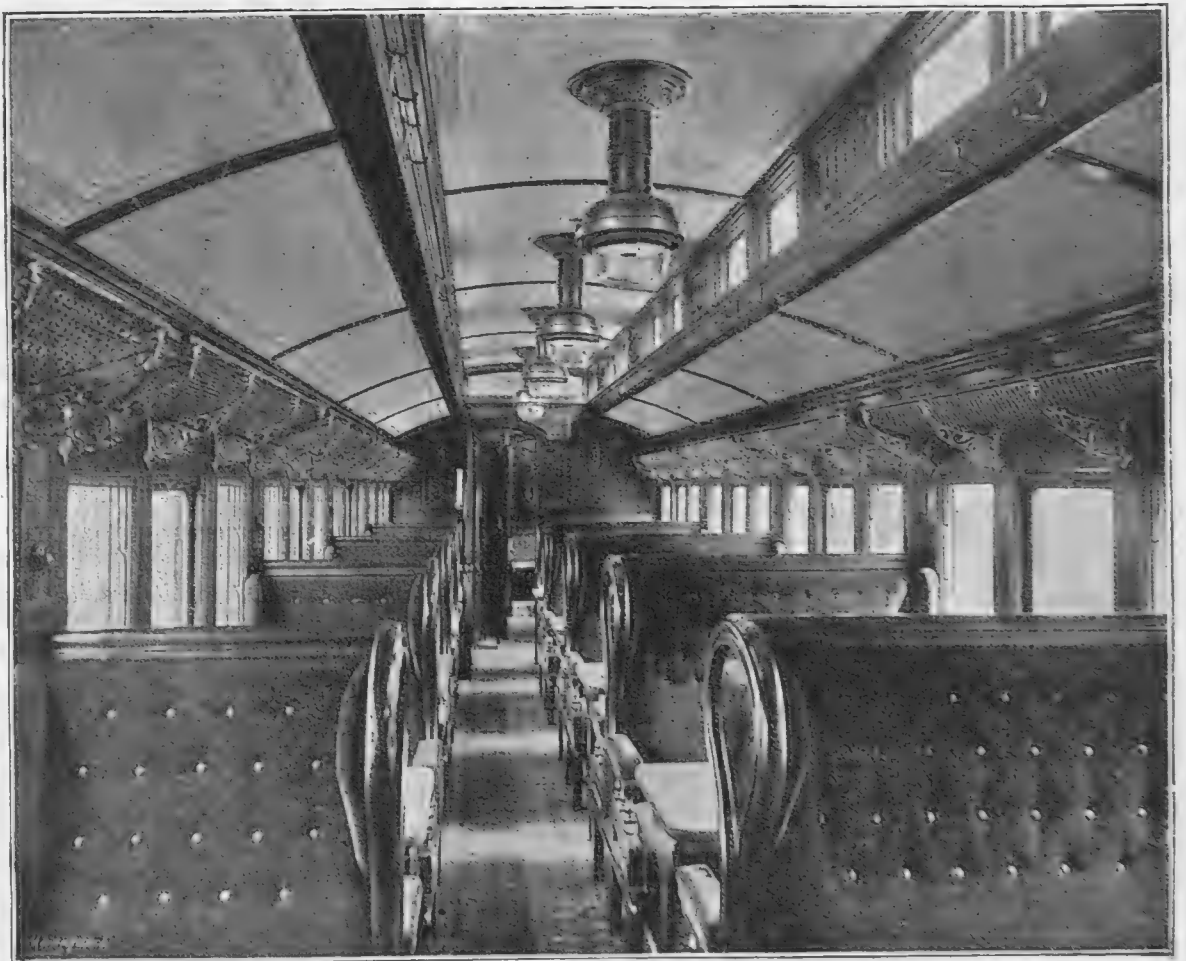
accessible with such ease as the modern traveller demands. The railroad put Macadam in the shade, and for forty or fifty years we have been content to rush northwards in express trains, on which the greatest advance has been made in the matter of speed. Yet speed has its limits in satisfying the travelling public. It seems a very remarkable thing that, with all our progress on the railways, half a century should have been allowed to elapse before journeys lasting from ten to twelve hours should have to be undertaken under the conditions that have been allowed to prevail. One need not be a sybarite to think it hardly good enough to make such journeys in the narrow compartment of a carriage which stops only a few minutes at distant stations, and which affords room for six or seven people aside, unable, at the worst, to do more than sit bolt upright, and at the best to stretch oneself on the uncomfortable ledge afforded by the cushioned seat. Everything comes to the man who can wait, and to such of us who have been permitted to wait until this year of grace the old order has given place to a revolution in third-class travelling, which consists in being able to pass the journey with as much comfort as if we were passing the day in a first-class hotel.

The Midland Railway Company has started well on the race, as it has invariably done in every new development of railway business. It was the Midland Company that led the way in recognising the importance of the third-class passenger by allowing him to travel by all trains, and by giving him a dining-car it has again shown its belief in

the third-class client. The new afternoon Scotch service, running between London and Glasgow, is undertaken in a corridor-train, built on the principle long familiar to Americans, and hitherto sorely missed by the ubiquitous Yankee who cares to visit the old country. Take two 60 ft. long carriages, one first class and the other third class. Both are 8 ft. wide, 6 ft. high at the doorway, and furnished with a clerestory roof 8 ft. 6 in. high, with lights and ventilators on each side, while they are mounted on two six-wheel bogies with steel under-frames, oak body frames, and panelling of Honduras mahogany. Connect the two carriages with a flexible gangway, and you have the main principle of the corridor-train. Let us make a journey from end to end.

In the third-class carriage abstract all the ordinary partitions except two, and you get three compartments of varying size. That farthest from the flexible gangway forms a smoking-room, seated for thirteen persons. It leads into a much larger compartment, which is the dining-saloon proper, accommodating thirty persons. In both these compartments the seats are placed transversely nearest the windows and divided by a passage, on one side of which there is room for two passengers and on the other for one. Between every two seats, and occupying the place of the door in the ordinary carriage, a small table is placed, hinged to the vehicle on one side and supported by a leg on the other, the whole being removable at will.

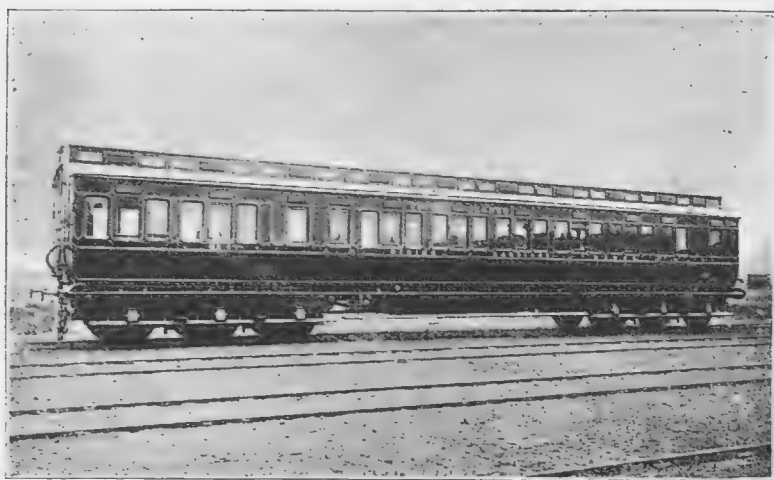
Passing from the dining-saloon, you enter a tiny compartment, fitted up as a pantry, with cupboards for glass, table linen, provisions, and wine, and it also has a boiler, hot-plate for keeping dishes warm, a grill for chops and steaks, and a refrigerator. It leads out to the narrow flexible gangway, and that, again, into a compact and fully equipped kitchen, in which stands a large cooking range and boiler, heated by compressed oil gas, another refrigerator, and a carving table. This is the domain of the *chef*, who is able to turn out a dinner for sixty persons.



THE THIRD-CLASS INTERIOR.

Still proceeding towards the first-class carriage, you pass through a pantry very similar to that in the third, except that it has a sink for washing up, then to the dining-saloon, and, last of all, to the smoking compartment. The main difference between the two classes is that the first has only one seat on each side of the gangway, and is upholstered with crimson morocco, while the third is upholstered with crimson plush rep. When it is stated that each carriage has two separate lavatories, a luggage compartment, electric bells to ring up the waiters, and hot-water pipes, it will be seen that the new corridor-trains are practically hotels on wheels.

We start from London at half-past one in the afternoon, paying the same fare as by ordinary train, all food, of course, being extra. During the next hour, as we whirl past the Welsh Harp, "which lies 'Endon way," St. Albans (the ancient Verulam), Bedford, and Kettering, we may



A THIRD-CLASS DINING-CAR.

lunch luxuriously, first class for half-a-crown, third class for two shillings, or *à la carte* at buffet prices, as per daily bill of fare. Teas (from sixpence) are served from half-past four until six, during which time Nottingham, Sheffield, and many other towns are left behind.

On leaving Hellfield, at which we may shed some of our fellow-travellers for Manchester, Liverpool, and the district, dinner is served—first class, three shillings and sixpence, and third class half-a-crown, or *à la carte*, as at luncheon. The service is excellent, as well it may be under the direction of so experienced a hand as Mr. W. Towle, manager of the Midland hotels. The scenery after this part of the line is specially lovely, while darkness hides the hideousness of that part of the journey where the train rushes through a forest of chimneys.

After dinner, one, perhaps, has retired to the smoking-room for a pipe and an evening newspaper, not a whit wearied by the journey. Then, in the darkness, between ten and eleven, myriads of lights are flashed past in quick succession, and the train slackens speed. "Do we sleep, do we dream, or are visions about?" for here we glide into St. Enoch Station, Glasgow, before we know exactly where we are. The journey is done by a quarter to eleven, and we feel as if it were but an hour since we left St. Pancras in the full glare of daylight. We may feel puzzled like Mr. William Nye at this sudden transportation from the Thames to the Clyde, but we share none of his doubts about civilisation. Here, at least, it is *not* a failure.

Next week the dining-car service of the London and North-Western Railway will be dealt with.

A RACE OF MOUND-BUILDERS.

A discovery of probably great archæological value as regards the prehistoric people of the United States has been recently made on a farm in Wise County, Texas. It consists of a pavement of petrified wood, covering the summit of a mound one acre and a half in area. The mound is 60 ft. high, square shaped, and with sloping sides. It was looked upon as an ordinary clay structure until a short time ago, when, in digging the soil on the summit, which is level and measures an acre and a half, a petrified pavement was struck under what appeared to be a shallow deposit of drift. The petrified blocks are laid on ends. The mound, which was constructed with mathematical precision, also contains some blocks of stone that seem to have been used in a building. The samples of the pavement are four inches long. Three inches of their length is silica, and the remaining inch, measuring to the wearing surface, is carbonate of lime. This combination, which is not uncommon in petrifications, shows that the pavement was probably set in silicious sand and that the upper part was subjected to the action of water containing lime in solution. The blocks give evidence of having been split by a sharp instrument and sawed at the upper surface. While thousands of mounds have been discovered in America, this Texas specimen is the only one in which, through the agency of petrification, Nature has embalmed an evidence of a place in civilisation occupied by the mound-builders far in advance of what had been accorded them by antiquaries. That this race practised agriculture is proved by the fact that mounds are so close together in some districts as to have rendered it impossible for their occupants to have subsisted by fishing and hunting, and that those inhabitants engaged in mining and commerce is proved by the discovery in Peruvian mounds of Lake Superior copper.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

As was anticipated, the discovery of rich auriferous quartz reefs near Coolgardie, Western Australia, has led to a rush. It did not take long for 1400 persons to hurry to the Golconda, and still they go, special steamers leaving Melbourne for Western Australia.

Melbourne University has started its Historical Society. Special attention will be devoted by the society to the circumstances attending the transplanting of Old World institutions to Australia in the beginning of the century and the influences which have since modified them locally.

The New South Wales Minister for Lands is paying a great deal of attention to the opening up of land for residential and cultivation purposes. His chief object has been to open up land near towns and centres of population. The total area of this suburban land thrown open during the first six months of last year was 45,396 acres, out of which area there has been selected up to date 18,675 acres, leaving a balance available at the present time of 26,721 acres.

The estimates for the year in New Zealand show a surplus of £130,000. The Government intend to devote £250,000 to the construction of public works. For the present no attempt will be made to place a loan on the London money market.

The first case for the recovery of the special tax levied on absentee land-owners in New Zealand recently came before the Wellington resident magistrate. In the mother country the State would be a heavy gainer by such prosecutions.

The new Constitution giving responsible government to Natal comes into operation to-morrow week. The elections under the new Constitution will be held at an early date.

About a fourth of the whole trade of the Oil Rivers Protectorate—which the latest official report shows amounted to £1,595,516—passes through Calabar. The exports consist wholly of palm oil and kernels.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, in order to baffle the attempt of the Great Northern Railway to shut it out of St. Paul and other northern trade centres, is to reduce its passenger and freight rates.

What heartburnings there have been from first to last over the embargo on Canadian cattle, which seems a very prosaic object for any feeling at all! Mr. Herbert Gardner's reiterated refusal to allow the entry of cattle is considered by the Dominion authorities to be due to lack of information.

A Toronto writer suggests in *Imperial Federation* that an addition should be made to the standing army of Great Britain by regiments recruited, armed, and equipped by the different colonies.

Canada has been fairly fortunate during the past six months as regards failures. The greatest improvement is in the Province of Québec, and the improvement extends in a lesser degree to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Manitoba.

The live lobster trade between Nova Scotia and the United States has become so successful that there is a movement to open a similar trade between Nova Scotia and this country. There are 10,000 traps set along the Bay of Fundy coast, of which Digby is the export headquarters. About twenty miles below Digby is a natural pond, twenty acres in extent, where the lobsters are kept when prices run low. From 600 to 700 crates of lobsters, each crate containing seventy, and bringing at the present moment about eight dollars, are shipped every week to Boston.

Quebec's educational pre-eminence is elaborately demonstrated by its exhibit at Chicago. Two hundred convents and academies and the McGill University contribute to it. There are compositions in English, French, German, and Spanish by pupils of the various schools, and some of these are illustrated with pen drawings by the student, the subject being treated in a twofold manner. Great albums contain samples of needlework, from the simplest bit to the finest crochet and lacework. The name of each worker and her age are appended to the article. The ages range from eight to sixteen years, and some of the work is remarkable.

In one exhibit work is shown in flax, from the preparation of it on through its several stages, the last being a woven article. This is done by the students of the Ursuline Convent, Robertville, Lake St. John. The work of the blind in the asylum at Montreal, under the direction of the Grey Nuns; is but another revelation of the ability of the blind. In a glass case are 18,000 pressed flowers, each analysed, all from the soil of Canada.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Pure and wholesome.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Entirely free from alum.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Largest sale in the world.—[ADVT.]

THE ART OF THE DAY.

There lived, not many years ago, in an interesting Italian town a gentleman who was understood to have been the Italian correspondent of the *Times* in almost prehistoric days. It was said that his employers, after many years, evinced some dissatisfaction over the nature of the news which he was in the habit of sending home. Only one telegram, the words of which were never varied, used to find its way monthly to London: "An eruption of Vesuvius is imminently expected, and brigandage is once more slowly rearing its head." A purveyor of art news during the summer months has many sympathies with that old gentleman. Active art seems simply dead, and the only matter for possible chronicle appears to be the record of sales and the history of excavations.

Once more we may throw up our caps in honour of sex in art. The lawsuit of Lawrie v. Wertheimer will be fresh in the recollection of all. It was concerned with a picture the authorship of which was ascribed to Franz Hals. In the left-hand corner, however, the picture bore a little star, placed between two initial letters, J. L. The monogram, it appears from the statement of Dr. de Groot, Assistant-Keeper of the Hague Royal Picture Gallery, was quite unknown, and one expert—could it have been Mr. Walter Armstrong?—even declared that by examining the monogram from different points of view it was possible to discover all the letters of the name F. Hals. Such is the temerity of experts, convinced of their own insight. The owner of the monogram has now been discovered, and it belongs to a lady, Judith Leyster, who was, in point of fact, a pupil of Franz Hals, and subsequently became the wife—even lady artists have domestic desires—of Molenaer, the well-known painter of social life.

This artist, it appears, was well known when her celebrated and disputed picture was a-painting. Its date is 1630, and two years previously Samuel Ampzing had gone out of his way to sing her singular merits, just as Schrevelius, terror to young Grecians of a past generation, referred to her with enthusiasm twenty years later in his description of Haarlem. Schrevelius (impossible as it may seem) even went so far as to pun upon her name, calling her "Judith Leyster, a real loadstar in art, from which she takes her name"—Leyster signifying literally a "loadstar," a fact which accounts for the presence of a star between the initial letters of her name.

Illustrated archæology is a new development in the ways of artistic productions, and the form in which it has taken life is that of a quarterly, edited by Mr. J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A.Scot., called the *Illustrated Archæologist*. Mr. Romilly Allen himself contributes an important article on "Sculptured Norman Capitals at Southwell Minster," a subject treated, it must be added, some forty years ago by Canon Dimock in his "Illustrations of Southwell Collegiate Church." The article by Mr. Allen—indeed, the whole magazine—is well and profusely illustrated.

The contents of the second of the volumes which contain the correspondence of Ruskin and William Ward are now made more or less



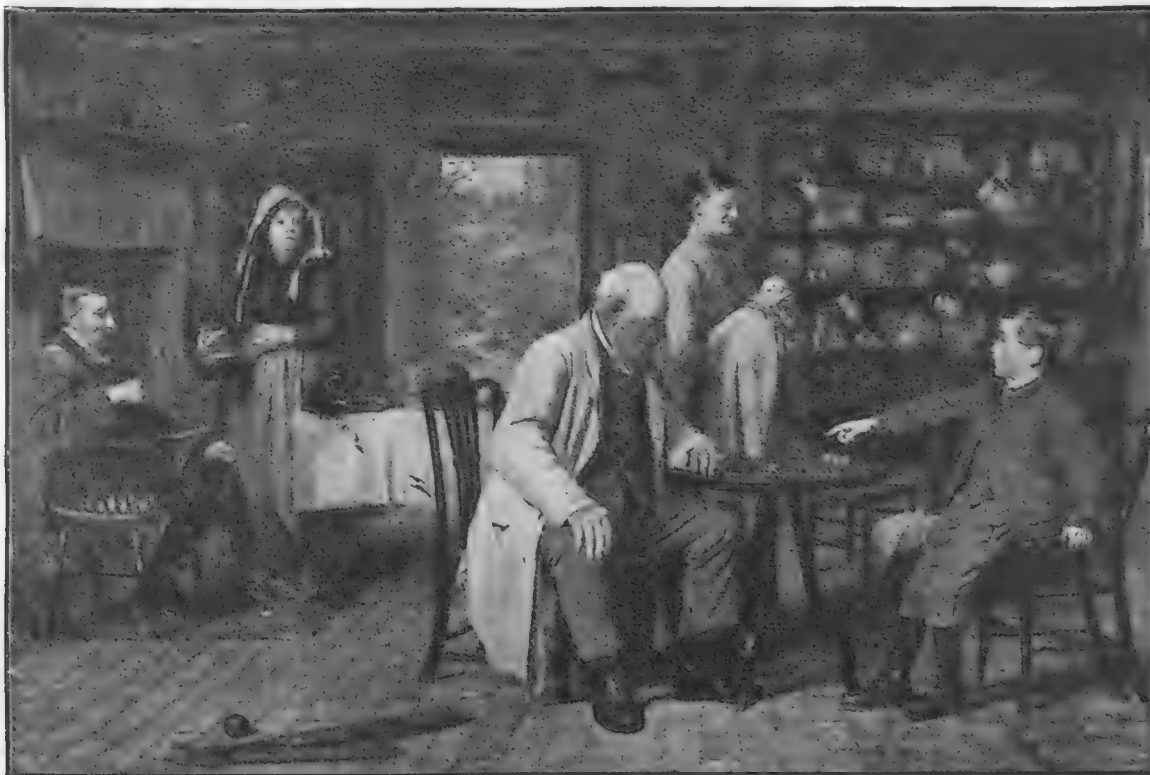
MIMOSA.—E. M. S. SCANNELL.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.

public, although printed for private circulation. It is interesting to learn Ruskin's view—although the view is eminently and Ruskinianly fanciful—upon the value of painting "at a blow," as he calls it. Here are a few of his words in this connection: "Of course, *all* painting—oil, water, fresco, and everything, is done at *one* coup, when it is right.

But certain processes of colour require laying of two or three different colours over each other; *then* the under one must dry first, &c., &c., &c. All this mechanism you have to learn, but the French know hardly anything about it. *Of course*, Meissonier paints at a blow; and his work is like a plasterer's, as all French work is. Titian also paints at a blow—but *his* work is not like a plasterer's. Titian paints with a sense of mystery, and Meissonier with none; and Titian with a sense of true hue, and Meissonier with no more sense of colour than a common stainer of photographs." The italics are very characteristic.

But, although it is very possible to smile over the exaggeration of such sentences, and to view with some amusement the extreme devotion to fancy of which this letter is only an additional Ruskinian specimen, there is, undoubtedly, a very true distinction here drawn. It is perfectly and undeniably true that Titian, whether he painted "at a blow" or not, has the sense of mystery which Meissonier assuredly lacked. It is also unimpeachable art criticism to say that Titian painted "with a sense of true hue"; but, on the other hand, to declare that



THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.—JAMES HAYLLAR.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.



LA CHANSON DU PRINTEMPS.—T. L. DEYROLLE.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

THE "CHERRY BLOSSOM" STALL AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

Meissonier had no more sense of colour than a common stainer of photographs is, perhaps, to trend, even for Mr. Ruskin, too acutely towards the thorny paths of excess.

A further characteristic of Mr. Ruskin is to be discovered in these letters—his extraordinary and amazing bluntness and merciless directness of speech. In his own province he reminds one a little of Mr. Chamberlain in his province. "Be so good," he writes, and in his admirable despotism way, "as to spare half an hour to a girl who has some blundering gift which may be useful to her in china painting, if you explain to her the frightful coarseness of her Turner—so-called—copies. I have told her she may write to you to make an appointment; but very probably she won't, as I have sent her a letter as sharp as she deserves—at least, I have sent it to her brother; perhaps he won't read it to her." A Daniel come to judgment, indeed!

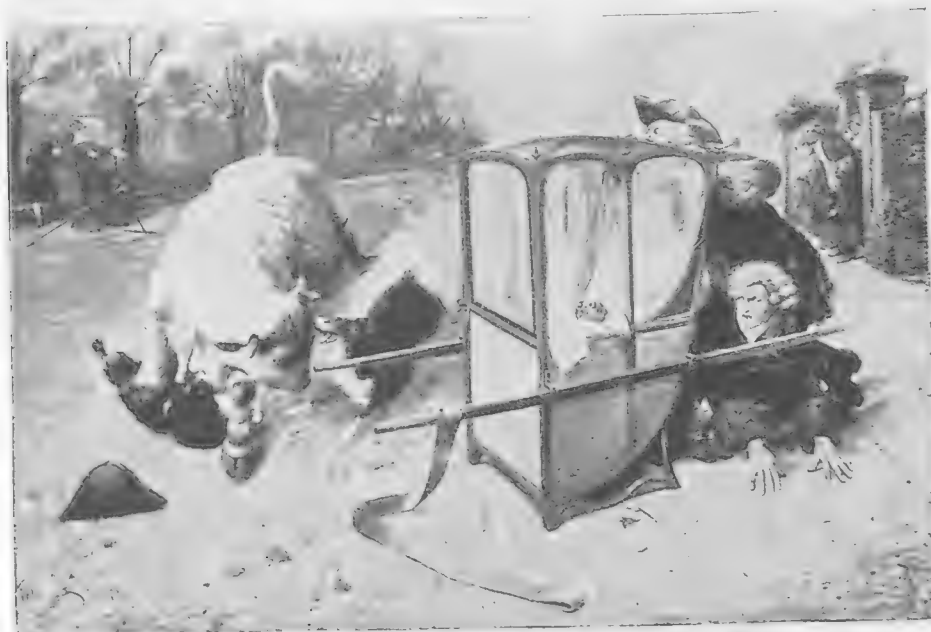
The death is announced of Hubert Janitschek, the professor of Art History at Leipzig University. His learning and his critical powers are alike and loudly praised, and his loss will be widely felt both in Germany, where he lectured, and in Italy, the land of his love and his choice. He has written much, on the Renaissance, on Dutch and Italian painting, and on many artists.

A picture, entitled "Reposing: Scene in Wiltshire," painted by the late Mr. Charles Jones, R.C.A., is the latest addition made to the permanent Art Gallery at Cardiff. It is a fine example of his work.

Concerning the Chicago Exhibition, one is constantly hearing of the enterprising and striking ideas carried out by the British exhibitors. "Cherry Blossom," for instance, is enshrined in a glittering pagoda of its own (says a correspondent), that is beyond a doubt one of the chief attractions of our section. This pleasing perfume, by-the-way, drives about Paris daily in a smart carriage and pair, cherry colour, picked out with gold, its coachman and two grooms being gorgeously arrayed in cerise liveries. In London its advantages are likewise brought constantly before the attention of everyone who notices the equipage of Messrs. Gosnell and Co. The illustration which appears on this page gives but a slight impression of this pretty stall.



BEDOUINS CROSSING THE DESERT.—WILLIAM LUKER.
Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.



DEFENDERS OF THE FAIR.—WILLIAM STRUTT.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



H.R.H. "FREDERICA" AUGUSTA, DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH HER
MAIDS OF HONOUR.—JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



OFF DEAL: A PASSING STORM.—RICHARD S. MARRIOTT.
Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.



"MAY BLOSSOM."—CLAUDE CARDON.
Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.



PERSPECTIVE NEWSKY, À ST. PETERSBOURG (PORTRAITS DE L. M. L'EMPEREUR ET L'IMPÉRATRICE DE RUSSIE).—JAN V. CHELMINSKI.



CHARGE OF THE THIRD CUIRASSIERS AT REICHSHOFFEN, AUG. 6, 1870.—AIMÉ MOROT.

A TYPICAL FRENCH COMÉDIENNE.

A CHAT WITH MADAME BARRETTA-WORMS, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in a Londoner's philosophy, and few of us are aware that there exists, not a hundred miles from Piccadilly, a typical French hostelry, which might have been transplanted bodily from one of the quaint narrow streets on the left bank of the Seine. It was here, seated in a tiny salon literally filled with artistic mementoes of French painters and dramatic artistes, from De Neuville to M. Mounet-Sully, who have made a temporary home in the house presided over by kindly Madame D—, that I found Madame Barretta, the lady who may be said to be, together with Madame Bartet and Mlle. Reichenberg, one of the three leading comédiennes of the Maison de Molière.

"No," said Madame Barretta, in answer to a question, "I do not come in any way of a theatrical family; but one of my sisters, Rose Barretta, who had a short but brilliant career in the Théâtre Français, inspired me with love of the art. Then, again, we were very intimate with the Bernhardt family, and when my parents sustained heavy money losses I could not help thinking to myself, 'Oh, joy! now I shall be able to be an actress.'"

"I believe, Madame, that you became a pupil of the Conservatoire at an exceptionally early age?"

"Yes," she answered, smiling; "I was only twelve years old when I was taught the rudiments of my art, and I was still wearing short frocks when I was taken on at the Odéon in order to play ingénue rôles in the classical répertoire. I cannot tell you," she continued with a half sigh, half smile, "how often I look back to those old days. The Odéon, as you doubtless know, is situated right in the middle of the student and collegiate quarter of Paris; they all loved me, and I loved them all. Ah, those were happy days!"

"And when did you join the Comédie?"

"Some two years later, and when only a pensionnaire a bit of great good luck befell me. In our old répertoire is a delightful little play called 'The Unconscious Philosopher,' by Sedaine. In it I acted the rôle of Victorine; George Sand saw me play it, and made up her mind to write a continuation, and, so to speak, conclusion of the play. Shortly after she produced a play entitled 'Victorine,' in which I was fortunate enough to make a great success. Madame Sand was, alas! then dying at Nohant, and I doubt if she ever really saw me act the part, but I possess many charming letters from her full of valuable hints as to how the character should be played."

"And can you give me any idea, Madame, as to how you study your rôles?"

"Well, to begin with, I not only study my parts very carefully, but I try as much as possible to look the character I am about to portray. I attempt first to compose the countenance which I imagine my heroine—for all my new rôles are to me heroines—would bear. When at last I have produced the effect I wanted, I feel happy, and transformed, as it were, into the very personality of the character."

"Then you, of course, attach enormous importance to the scenery and costume?"

"Indeed, I do. It is far easier to act well in suitable *décor*. But that, of course, is self-evident. To play a scene which is said to be acted on a stretch of lonely seashore in a drawing-room or vice-versâ requires a superabundant amount of imagination, or an utter lack of it; not but what the affair of scenery can be carried too far. The public go to the theatre to see a fine play well acted, not to admire the crude realism of clever scene painting. As for the costumes, I suppose you know that the Théâtre Français is, perhaps, the only theatre in the world where everything in the way of stage clothing is provided for the actors and actresses. The system pursued is extremely intelligent.

There is a sliding scale of prices allowed for the various kinds of costumes wanted—for instance, if my new part requires a simple little morning gown, I am given a *bon* or order for three hundred francs (£12), and then am free to choose my own dressmaker. There is also an able staff of costumiers attached to the Comédie, and many of the dresses worn are made by them."

"And can you give me a list, Madame, of your own favourite rôles?"

"Well, of course I am very fond of Victorine, my first great success at the Comédie. But I play constantly in both our old and new répertoires, where I may mention, among my other parts, that of Henriette in Molière's 'Femmes Savantes,' Suzanne in 'Figaro,' Rosina in 'Le Barbier de Seville,' the Duchesse in Augier's 'L'Etrangère,' and Casilda in 'Ruy Blas.' One of my most favourite rôles is Janik in Richpin's 'Flibustier,' and I created, not long ago, Marivaux's 'Barberine.'"

"I suppose that, as an old pupil of the Conservatoire, you cannot but be thoroughly in favour of the system?"

"My theory as to the Conservatoire can be summed up in a very few words," said Madame Barretta. "It enables you to learn the art of acting, but cannot bestow genius. No doubt there are certain great comédiennes—for instance, Rachel or Sarah Bernhardt—who could have done without the Conservatoire, but even they found themselves the better for the years they spent there. It is notorious that many young people who have done very well at school and college do not end by making a great name in the world—the same may be said of the Conservatoire; but, on the whole, the system works splendidly, and I have rarely met an actor or actress who had not been there who did not regret that fact most unfeignedly. Besides, to anyone who wishes to join the Comédie Française the Conservatoire is almost indispensable, for the students there have to learn as a matter of course the whole of the old répertoire, Molière, Corneille, Racine, &c. I ought to tell you," continued Madame Barretta, pleasantly, "how pleased I have been with our English audiences, and how greatly we all enjoyed the visit to Windsor," and she went for the beautiful white satin programmes which were given to the ladies of the Comédie Française on the occasion of their acting before her Majesty.

Madame Barretta, who married, some ten years ago, M. Worms, another well-known sociétaire of the Théâtre Français, is the happy mother of a boy of

nine and a little girl of two, the latter named Rose after Sarah Bernhardt's early comrade and friend. Even when hard at work in the Rue de Richelieu, M. and Madame Barretta-Worms have their home far out of Paris, some way beyond Fontainebleau, where there has gathered together of late years a little artistic colony, of which the doyen is Delaunay, the veteran who was for some fifty years *le plus séduisant jeune premier* the Comédie Française ever possessed.

A SELECT SCHOOL MEETING.

The Oratory School Society, which is composed of the old alumni of the late Cardinal Newman's school at Edgbaston, had their annual dinner at the Grand Hotel last week. A somewhat larger gathering was present than is usually the case, though the meeting, which is regarded by its members as more or less of a pious duty towards the school to which they are so strongly attached, is always largely attended. In accordance with a practice which has been unbroken since the founding of the society, no speeches were made, nor were any toasts drunk, the only exception to the rule being the "In Piam Memoriam," which has been drunk in silence on the three occasions on which the society has met since the death of the Cardinal. There were present the Rev. John Norris, head master of the school, the Duke of Norfolk, the Rev. Richard Bellasis, of the Oratory of Edgbaston, the Earl of Westmeath, Mr. Kelke and Mr. Davies, former masters of the school, Mr. James Hope, the only son of Dr. Newman's old friend Hope-Scott, Mr. T. Mathew, Mr. P. Boland, and many others.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MADAME BARRETTA.

DR. NANSEN'S FAREWELL.

BY HERBERT WARD.

CHRISTIANIA, JUNE 24, 1893.

To-day, at half-past twelve, in the presence of several thousand spectators, the *Fram* weighed anchor, and Dr. Nansen's Arctic Expedition steamed slowly down the Christiania Fjord on its perilous voyage of exploration in the unknown Polar regions. The departure of



DR. NANSEN ON THE "FRAM."

this expedition, viewed in the light of a public event, was characterised by extreme simplicity. The spectators, who preserved a mournful silence, appeared to be moved with a sentiment of sympathy and compassion.

On board the *Fram*, and even on board the attendant craft, which bore crowds of friends and admirers, all anxious to accompany the expedition the first few miles of the long voyage, a sympathetic silence prevailed, broken only by the sound of the engines and the defiant barking of Dr. Nansen's favourite sledge-dog. It rained, the sky was dark, and a cold wind completed the dismal circumstances of this day, which may likely become an eventful date in the world's history. Shortly after leaving Christiania, the *Fram* steamed abreast of Dr. Nansen's home, which is by the water side at Lysaker. It was hazy, but while Dr. Nansen, who stood upon the bridge with his glasses, was vainly endeavouring to obtain the last glimpse of the house which contained those who were nearest and dearest to him the rain ceased.



LOADING SLEDGES ON MAIN HATCH OF THE "FRAM."

and the sun, struggling through the rain clouds, cast a faint beam upon the shore, a mile distant. Upon the rocks stood Mrs. Nansen, clad in a conspicuous white dress. The view lasted only a few moments, the brief sunshine vanished, and the distant shore became once more but a blurred shadow without outline. What overwhelming emotions must have filled those two hearts during that never-to-be-forgotten last glimpse! It is only natural to feel sympathy for a man leaving his home, bound upon such a hazardous and terrible voyage as that of

Dr. Nansen, but what an infinite pity fills one's heart at the thought of the wife's prospect! The long, dreary years of bitter anxiety, the lonely silence of her ordeal, will in itself be like an Arctic winter night without sunlight, and her infant child will be to her as the Arctic winter stars, which constitute the sole relief to an almost overpowering darkness.

Five-and-twenty miles from Christiania, the attendant launches prepared to return. Amid the profuse farewells of relatives and friends, Dr. Nansen and the eleven men of his crew quietly shook



DR. NANSEN, CHIEF MATE, AND STORE-KEEPER.

hands, and modestly expressed their acknowledgments. The only cheerful face was that of Dr. Blessing, a young medical man and botanist, who accompanies the expedition. In shaking hands with me, he said, "This is the greatest day of my life. The world is all before me for the first time. I'm the only man on the *Fram* without a wife or any particular sweetheart. I am as happy as I can be. Good-bye!" In bidding farewell to Dr. Nansen, I observed upon his face a slightly haggard expression, but this was the only outward token of his feelings. Within a few minutes the *Fram* became an indistinct mass in the haze, and gradually she faded from our sight.

DR. NANSEN'S PROGRAMME.

The popular conception of Dr. Nansen's object in undertaking this expedition is more or less restricted to the belief that he is in search of the North Pole; that he hopes to avail himself of some imaginary



DR. NANSEN UNDER WAY, JUNE 24.

current, by the aid of which he will be conveyed "there and back;" as it were, with privilege to "stay over" at places of interest. In the main, this bare summary of Dr. Nansen's plan is perhaps sufficiently correct, but in the full consideration of the subject there are many interesting details to claim attention. Briefly, Dr. Nansen's object is to explore the unknown Polar regions. In order to do this he desires to attain the highest latitude, which is, of course, that mathematical point in which the axis of our globe has its northern termination. It has been conclusively proved

that various currents flow from the area between Behring Straits and the New Siberian Islands, across the so-called Polar Basin, which is 1500 geographical miles in extent, towards Greenland and Spitzbergen; in other words, currents are known to exist, which enter the Polar Basin from the north-west, and which flow from the Polar Basin in a south-westerly direction. Dr. Nansen proposes to avail himself of these natural forces by drifting with the currents. Dr. Nansen is a scientist, and he has studied every detail of his scheme during the past nine years. He has already visited the Arctic regions, and practically tested the power of the currents and the movements of the ice floes. He has proved his individual prowess and endurance in accomplishing, for the first time, the crossing of Greenland. He has designed his vessel, the *Fram*, and selected his crew from men of Arctic experience; he has personally superintended every detail of his equipment, and he leads his own expedition. If he succeeds, his triumph will be complete.

POPULAR OPINION.

The large majority of people do not entertain very sanguine hopes either of Dr. Nansen's success or even of his survival; but, as far as I have been able to ascertain, I find that, while few will venture to question the practical inference of his theories, there are many who are prejudiced against risking life in a forlorn hope of achieving an object the accomplishment of which cannot afford material benefit to the world at large. But yet, despite all expressions of cynicism and narrow reasoning, there can be but few enlightened people who are not thoroughly interested in the fortunes of Dr. Nansen and his fellow-adventurers. In human nature there is an inherent appreciation of bold enterprise, and it is the more conspicuous when the success of a great endeavour, like this of Dr. Nansen, depends entirely upon the exercise of such qualities as intelligence, unswerving courage, and endurance.

A TRUE INGÉNUÉ.

MISS GERTRUDE CHANDLER.

If ever an ingénue has a right to be called so, it is surely when she happens to be playing on the boards of the pretty little—no, not theatre, but stage, of St. George's Hall, in the company founded by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed in the long ago, but which has kept so high a level of excellence ever since. Many worthy folk, who would suffer much

have no means of judging how near alike St. George's Hall is to the real thing; and long may this happy state of affairs continue, for none would wish to bewitch from Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain their appreciative audiences.

Miss Gertrude Chandler is the newest and youngest member of the little company, and as she sits in her dressing-room awaiting to be



Photo by Secretan, Tufnell Park Road, N.

MISS GERTRUDE CHANDLER IN "BOX B," AT GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

interviewed she reminds the representative of *The Sketch* strangely of other ladies who are boldly yeleft actresses.

"I owe my present good luck," she explained, smiling, "to having been a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music. I was always devoted to acting even more than to singing, and so joined the operatic class. Mr. Reed saw me act a small part in 'Peter the Shipwright,' and made an appointment for me to meet him, and I was then engaged by him straight off."

"And your audiences, Miss Chandler?"

"Oh, we are select—very select," she replied, laughing. "We have a great many clergymen and that sort of people. They don't applaud much, but they smile a great deal, and seem pleased, so I suppose they like it."

"They take their pleasures sadly," I suggested.

But this idea somewhat disturbed Miss Chandler. "No, indeed," she exclaimed. "I am quite sure they enjoy it a good deal; but, of course, people have different ways of showing satisfaction. Still, it was a change going to Oxford and Cambridge," she continued. "How they did clap, to be sure! But then, of course, the audience consisted of undergrads," she added, with a fine understanding of the difference between true and indiscriminate praise.

"What sort of audiences do you prefer playing to?" I asked.

A sunshiny smile came over her face. "Well, of course, one cannot help enjoying enthusiastic audiences. One feels the sparkle evaporate when people are dull, but the St. George's Hall audiences here are extraordinarily intelligent. They catch the point of a joke as quickly as anybody ['One for the clergy!'] I ejaculated mentally] and like plenty of variety. Yes; I was very nervous indeed when I first began playing, but Mr. Reed is a splendid master, and inspires confidence in everyone who acts with him. Just now I am taking a part in a little play written by Mr. Corney Grain, called 'Box B,' which seems likely to become immensely popular; but I like every kind of rôle, and if I lost my voice would certainly go on the stage."



Photo by Secretan, Tufnell Park Road, N.

MISS GERTRUDE CHANDLER.

rather than enter a theatre, find that they can spend both a profitable and pleasant evening or afternoon in following with intense interest the delightful comedietas provided for their entertainment by Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. Verily, it is a case of the rose smelling sweet under another name. Those who have never entered the Gaiety



"He loves me,
He loves me not."

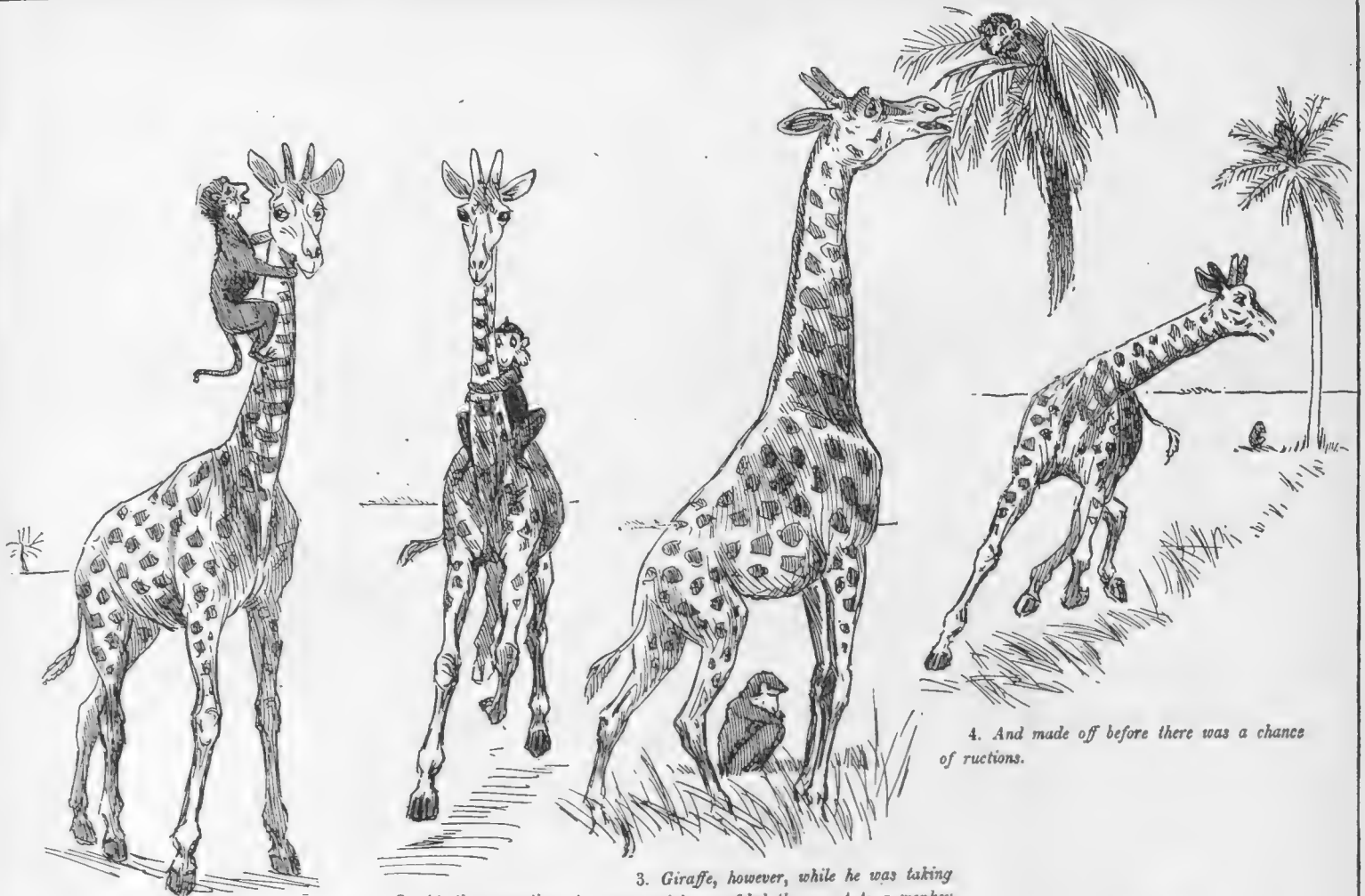
DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"CATCH 'EM ALIVE, O!"—THE WIDOW'S VEIL

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

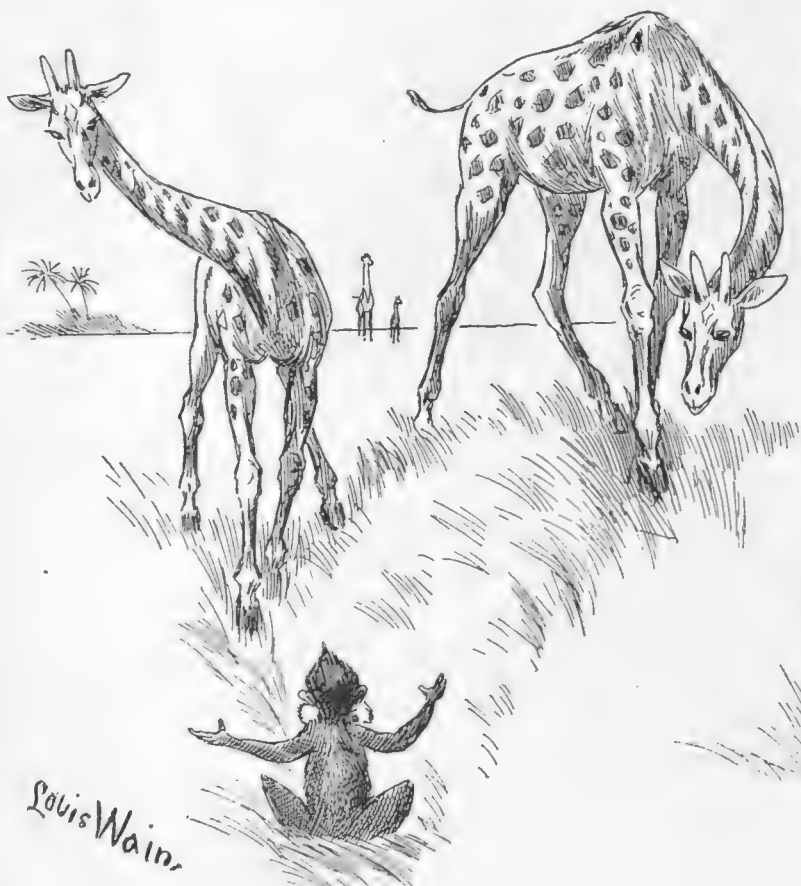


1. A monkey, to keep a secret safely, confided it to a giraffe, gauging that, the world being built on a lower sphere, few people would suspect Giraffe of possessing it.

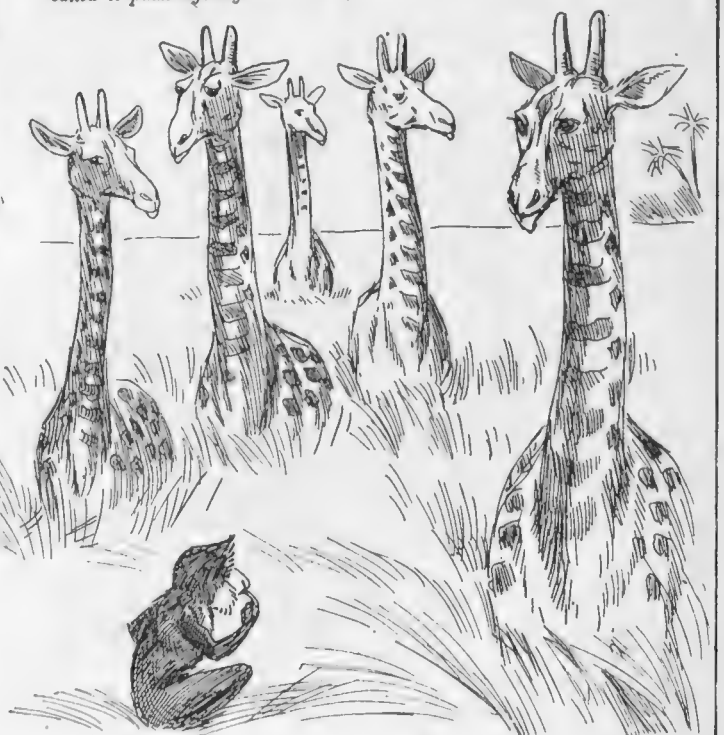
2. At the same time, to be certain of its proper custody, he determined to keep Giraffe in view.

3. Giraffe, however, while he was taking forty winks, confided the secret to a monkey in a palm-tree.

4. And made off before there was a chance of ructions.



5. Then the monkey came down from the tree and told the other monkey his fortune, with the secret popped in to weight it. And he called it palm-mystery.



6. Then Monkey told the giraffes that he was going to tell their fortunes if they would cross his palm with a little current coin.

7. But they shirked the ordeal, and hid their legs and fingers out of sight.

Louis Wain.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE AT HENLEY : " Oh ! nurse, look at his little trousers."





VERY PERSONAL.

THE PROFESSOR: "Oh, Miss Shanty, what a frightful nose you've got! Dear, dear! this won't do—far too big. You'd better take it off, and—ah—try and get a better one."



"All ri', pleeshm'n—don' be alarmed—I'm all ri'—it'sh only the breakin' up of the drought."

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Special
Royal Warrant



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to Her
Majesty the Queen.



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Dr. Dutton writes: "A very wholesome beverage for invalids, eminently suited for people with weak digestions."

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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Sir John Astley, who is best known as Jolly Sir John, or the Mate, is ever present at the swagger race meetings; but the popular sporting Baronet does not belong to the full-dress order of race-goers. He prefers the white bowler and red tie to the regulation silk hat and lavender kids. Sir John has been an ardent sportsman from his boyhood, and a few



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

SIR JOHN ASTLEY, BART.

years back he would hunt, fish, shoot, run, box, and play billiards equal to any amateur of the day. Sir John as an owner of racehorses did not do much good, as he tumbled across Peter and one or two others of the roguish kind that had a nasty habit of always losing when they were heavily backed, and vice versa. Sir John is getting up in years, but he is as erect in his carriage as ever, and no stranger would ever dream that he had received a nasty shoulder-wound in the Crimea. Yet such was the case.

The Gatwick people have been very anxious to get some bookie's opinion on the Golden Handicap, but the pencilers do not take kindly to the race. At present it is looked upon as being a good thing for Worcester, but I do not think a five-furlong winner should be pounced upon for a mile race. I fancy Mountain Chief, whose book form is bad, will run a good race, as the horse has been highly tried. I hear, too, that Alec Taylor has a high opinion of Mark Price, and it is as well to bear in mind that directly the Manton sage says "Go" his horses are always dangerous. Mark Price will get the mile, and he is very fast when fit.

I am pleased to hear that the improvements in the rings and stands at Lewes are really practical and of the latest up-to-date kind. I must, however, still harp on the old grievance about the state of the road leading to the Downs. An expenditure of fifty pounds would mend it properly, while a free use of the water-carts on the morning of each race day would add immensely to the comfort of visitors. Messrs. Pratt and Co. are enterprising to a high degree. This is shown us at Gatwick—aye, and even at Alexandra Park, where stabling and fodder for racehorses engaged are found free. Why not adopt the forward policy at Lewes?

The company at Goodwood will be a large and aristocratic one, but it is feared the sport may not be quite so good as usual. I hear, however, that the Duke of Devonshire and the other patrons of Marsh's stable will freely patronise the meeting, while John Porter will have several animals running, as will James Jewitt, Hayhoe, J. Cannon, and Ryan. Mr. Forbes has the course in capital condition, and owners need not hesitate to run their horses here, as the recent rains, to say nothing of the sea fogs, have made the herbage shoot up wonderfully.

As the Prince of Wales is to be at Sandown, no doubt a large crowd will assemble on the pretty Esher slopes to see the race for the Eclipse Stakes. The meeting of Orme and La Flèche is a thing to see and remember, of course, and it is only right that it should be so. The followers of Kingsclere think the colt cannot be beaten, while Baron Hirsch, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Richard Marsh fancy the race will be an easy journey for La Flèche. I am inclined to think the mare must win; at the same time, it may be as well to remember that John Porter thought beforehand that the St. Leger would be easily captured by Orme, and the colt must have been sadly off colour at Doncaster. It is, therefore, just possible that both the champions have their good and their bad days. If so, why, it is anybody's race.

It may not be generally known that when the Prince of Wales is to lunch at Sandown a selection of menu cards is submitted to Marlborough House the night before, and the one selected generally contains such choice morsels as prawns and plovers' eggs when in season. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales favours one brand of champagne, as a rule, while he invariably smokes one kind of cigar. At the same time, a variety has to be forthcoming for the guests, if any, and here it may be added that covers are generally laid for twelve. Great care is always taken at Sandown, Kempton, and elsewhere to see that the furniture in the royal boxes is always kept well aired.

Horse-watching must be a profitable business. It is well known that one of the profession at Newmarket, who has lately built himself a fine house, earns £1500 a year from the newspapers and private clients. Those persons who read the Newmarket training reports in the sporting paper little think what labour has to be expended in collecting the intelligence. For one paper alone eight touts are employed to cover the various exercise grounds at Newmarket. These have to find out names of two-year-olds, watch work done, discover the cause of any horse's absence, and so on. But these are not all the various items relating to work, &c., which have to be collected, put into shape, and telegraphed off. A boy on a pony does the collecting, and the news is arranged by the resident reporter, who sends the despatch from the local post-office. And here let me state, having had twenty years' experience as a sporting journalist, I can bear testimony to the careful manner in which horses' names are handled by the telegraphic operators. A mistake is a rarity indeed.

A RACER ON THE STAGE.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Sutcliffe, the manager of Sir Augustus Harris's "Prodigal Daughter" Company, I was enabled to make the accompanying photo of Voluptuary a few days ago. I had not seen him since the day he won the Grand National in 1884, after which race a gloom was cast over the proceedings by news of the sudden death of the Duke of Albany. It was certainly a pleasure to see him again in his career in ease and comfort and in the hands of those who are most unmistakably fond of him—a fate not often assured even to more distinguished performers on the Turf. Voluptuary, by Cremorne—Miss Evelyn must now be fourteen years old, and has been before the public for some time as a star artiste, having performed both in London and the provinces with unqualified success. Few men would have thought it possible to race twelve thoroughbreds across the stage at Drury Lane, still less half that number over some of the small stages in the provinces. But to Sir Augustus Harris all things seem possible, and that but one accident occurred—and that



one, owing to the presence of mind of Mr. Elsey, Sir Augustus's stud groom, ended in no damage being done—speaks volumes for the judgment of the man who conceived such a project. The photo includes Mr. Elsey, and represents the horse very much as he stands on the stage in the stable scene.

J. C.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The gagging resolution has only made the House of Commons waste its time more carefully. At least, I am not sure. By wasting time I was going to say that I meant the introduction of personal squabbles, instead of the ordinary discussion of the Bill, and I am not so sure that this has been waste of time—on the Unionist side, at any rate. I refer, of course, to the Dillon-Chamberlain episode. I need hardly say again what an importance personal questions have in the House of Commons. A question of personal honour, reliability, honesty, has much more effect than any abstract argument. It has with all of us in private life, and the House of Commons is very, very human. Can I call it waste of time, therefore, when this week has seen the overthrow of a personal character, "honest" John Dillon's? For there can be no question but that "honest" John Dillon's reliability and his power of moving the House to sympathy even with his mistakes have gone. Those who listened last week to his passionate reply to Mr. Chamberlain, to his pleading appeal for sympathy, his proud reference to the errors of his past, accounted for by the terrible provocation he had received—Mitchelstown, the "murdered men," a baby torn from its mother's breast—how can they listen again, with that terrible Chamberlain retort in their minds, "The dates, the dates," all imagination, all imposture, that gulled the House of Commons on this occasion completely until the exposure came. Those who saw Mr. Gladstone's face as he moved back to his seat after the affair was over will hardly forget it. Mr. Dillon's attempt at explaining his mistake away fell very flat on the next day. If we had one or two more things like that, the Nationalists might as well throw up the sponge at once.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

On their side, the attempt to discredit their great accuser has been a thorough failure. Mr. Harrington tried to divert attention from his own friends by accusing Mr. Chamberlain of having been ready, years ago, to give Ireland a Home Rule more extensive even than Mr. Gladstone's. The charge has simply broken down. In the first place, Mr. Harrington's charge was that, even after the speeches for which Mr. Chamberlain has so severely censured Mr. Dillon, he was himself ready to join hands with Mr. Dillon and the other Nationalists. In proof of this he quoted a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Duignan, of Walsall, discussing Home Rule pretty freely. But this letter was written in 1884, and Mr. Dillon's speech was made in 1886. So much for that. But, secondly, the letter has now been published, and a perusal of it knocks all the bottom out of Mr. Harrington's argument. Mr. Chamberlain—it was '84, remember—was anxious, it is true, to know more about Home Rule. He was ready to give Ireland a very extensive Local Government (not with a Dublin Parliament, but with a National Board for Irish land affairs, as being a peculiarly Irish problem), but so are the Tories, and he even now. He was as emphatic, on the other hand, against anything in the way of separation as Mr. Balfour or Lord Randolph Churchill could be at the present day—indeed, surprisingly so, to me. I should have expected the Joe Chamberlain of those days to be a good deal more reckless, and so, I imagine, would most of his modern Tory allies. Of course, it could hardly make very much difference even if Mr. Chamberlain had coquetted with Home Rule. Our Home Rule friends tell us sometimes that we are Unionists because we cannot understand their point of view. And then, when it is proved that we have understood their point of view so well that we have even adopted it for a moment and then seen its error and drawn back, they accuse us, or rather Mr. Chamberlain, of all the crimes that are implied by the name of Judas. That is all nonsense. A man would be no worse for inclining towards Home Rule in 1884, and then giving way to the adverse impressions made upon him by the attempts made since to put Home Rule into shape. As a matter of fact, Mr. Chamberlain does not even really give his adversaries this chance of speaking to his prejudice.

GAG NUMBER ONE.

Thursday night saw the application of the gag to the first batch of clauses. It saw, too, the Government majority drop to fifteen only on Clause 6. Mr. Gladstone laughed when Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg excitedly pointed at him after the division. But he has not really much to laugh at. The case for the House of Lords gets stronger every day. Small as the majority was in favour of the Second Chamber Clause, it would have been smaller but for the knowledge that the House of Lords would reject the Bill in any event. That is the one thing which now keeps the Gladstonian party together. The Radicals would have had to vote against an Irish Second Chamber otherwise. As it is, it was not worth their while, except for an honest dozen, who very wisely think more of their own constituents than of the Home Rule Bill. The fact is that just now the House of Commons doesn't quite know where it is. I am expecting it to wake up any day. But at present it doesn't seem quite to know whether the Home Rule Bill is everything or whether it is not. As long as Mr. Gladstone is at the head of affairs Home Rule will block the way; the gag makes no difference; and, in consequence, the Liberal party will be beaten whenever the General Election comes. On the other hand, though myself a Conservative, I would not mind betting that if Lord Rosebery, say, led the party before the country on an advanced Radical programme to-morrow, and dropped Home Rule out of it, he would find himself in a majority independent of the Irish members. The Liberals will see this before long.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The first "compartment" of the Home Rule Bill has proved watertight. The closure has been made operative, and has brought about the very important fact that eight clauses of the Bill are now through the House. The House of Commons is a strange place. One would have thought that this strong, almost despotic measure would have produced a tremendous outpour of bitter party spirit. Nothing of the kind, though the vitriolic temper of the House during the early part of the week had been conspicuous. Mr. Chamberlain had stoked up the flames with the fiery, if a trifle infernal, zeal for which he is famous, and there had been scene after scene of the bitterest personal complexion. The worst of these was the encounter between Mr. Dillon and Mr. Chamberlain, which, though it has been absurdly exaggerated, had a certain significance of its own. Mr. Dillon had for some time been labouring under a charge by Mr. Chamberlain of threatening reprisals against Irish officials when Home Rule passed into law. Now, Mr. Dillon is a strange man. Personally a very gentle, reserved, shy, and self-contained man, he often forgets himself when on his legs, and says wild things with a loose, passionate, fluent utterance which has often done himself and his cause some considerable harm. He had done this in a speech at Mitchelstown, and he did it again when Mr. Chamberlain tried to pin him down for it. Thus brought to bay, Mr. Dillon, overwrought and confused, as his fashion is, made a slip, which, though obvious enough, gave a splendid opening to the enemy. He confused the speech in question, which was delivered in 1886, with his memories of the Mitchelstown massacre, which, of course, happened in 1887. I gasped when I heard Mr. Dillon's explanation, and, of course, Mr. Chamberlain was down on it. The next day Mr. Dillon explained his error in a little apologia, which was perfectly intelligible, and which every sensible man on both sides accepted. No one believes that Irishmen any more than other people deliberately do insane things, and for Mr. Dillon to make a statement so open to instant correction, and which he knew to be untrue, would be the act, not of a knave, but of a madman. However, these are the sort of provocative scenes with which the atmosphere of the House of Commons had up to Friday night been thoroughly charged.

THE FORSTER-SEXTON INCIDENT.

Another interesting incident had arisen over the speech of Mr. Arnold-Forster, in which, with little relevance to the subject in hand, he dragged in a ferocious personal assault on Mr. Sexton, which raked up old material before the Royal Commission, and practically accused the Member for North Kerry of being the knowing and guilty confidant of criminals. Now, Mr. Sexton is a bad man to handle in this fashion. No member of the House, even including Mr. Gladstone, has greater command of keenly logical and argumentative language. For some time he was unable to get out his answer, for the Unionists, led on by Mr. Chamberlain, very ungenerously refused a reply. The Chairman yielded to their persistence, and for some time it looked as if we were to have the strange incident of a grave personal charge hurled across the floor of the House from one member to another without the accused party getting the chance of a reply. Mr. Sexton simply stood straight up till he got his answer out. When he had completely disposed of the charge, he ended up ingeniously enough with the declaration that Mr. Arnold-Forster's attack had been infamous and base. Then the storm, which was still for a moment, broke out again, the clap after clap of Parliamentary thunder. In the end Mr. Sexton scored. Mr. Arnold-Forster, whose nervous temperament and delicate physique ill bore the strain of a fierce challenge on the floor of the House, was at last sharply suppressed by the Chairman.

A SCHOOLBOY ENDING.

After all this strain and stress, the axe fell on four clauses of the Bill to the accompaniment of boisterous horse-play, with hardly a symptom of genuine temper. The Tories had managed the business very well; they had kept up the discussion entirely on the old lines on Clause 5, which had been thoroughly threshed out, leaving Clauses 6, 7, and 8, which constitute the two Chambers and ensure their mutual relations to each other, untouched. This had the especial point of shutting out all the Radical amendments to Clause 6, which constitutes the hated Upper Chamber, and compelled them, even at the risk of endangering the Government, to vote against the clause. This gave an additional touch of bitterness to the Government's tactics, while it went very near imperilling the Bill. When Clause 6 was closed in its turn, the Government's majority sank from 36 to 15, nearly a dozen votes being transferred. That was the real sensation of the series of divisions which went on practically from ten to half-past eleven. The rest was schoolboy pleasantries, now and then getting as warm as a Rugby scrimmage, and now again lapsing into the merest sport. The great fun was the cheering of the rival leaders. Whenever Mr. Gladstone rose his side rose with him, cheering and waving hats, till cheering was no longer possible to the parched throats. Whenever Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain rose to pass into the division lobby the same demonstration *en masse* took place. The Tories saluted the Premier's venerable figure with cries of "Gag." The Liberals roared "'87" and "Coercion" at the Tories. It got a little monotonous, not to say childish, towards the close. But it was a very frolicsome scene, the real meaning of which was that Tories as well as Liberals were glad to get Home Rule out of the way.

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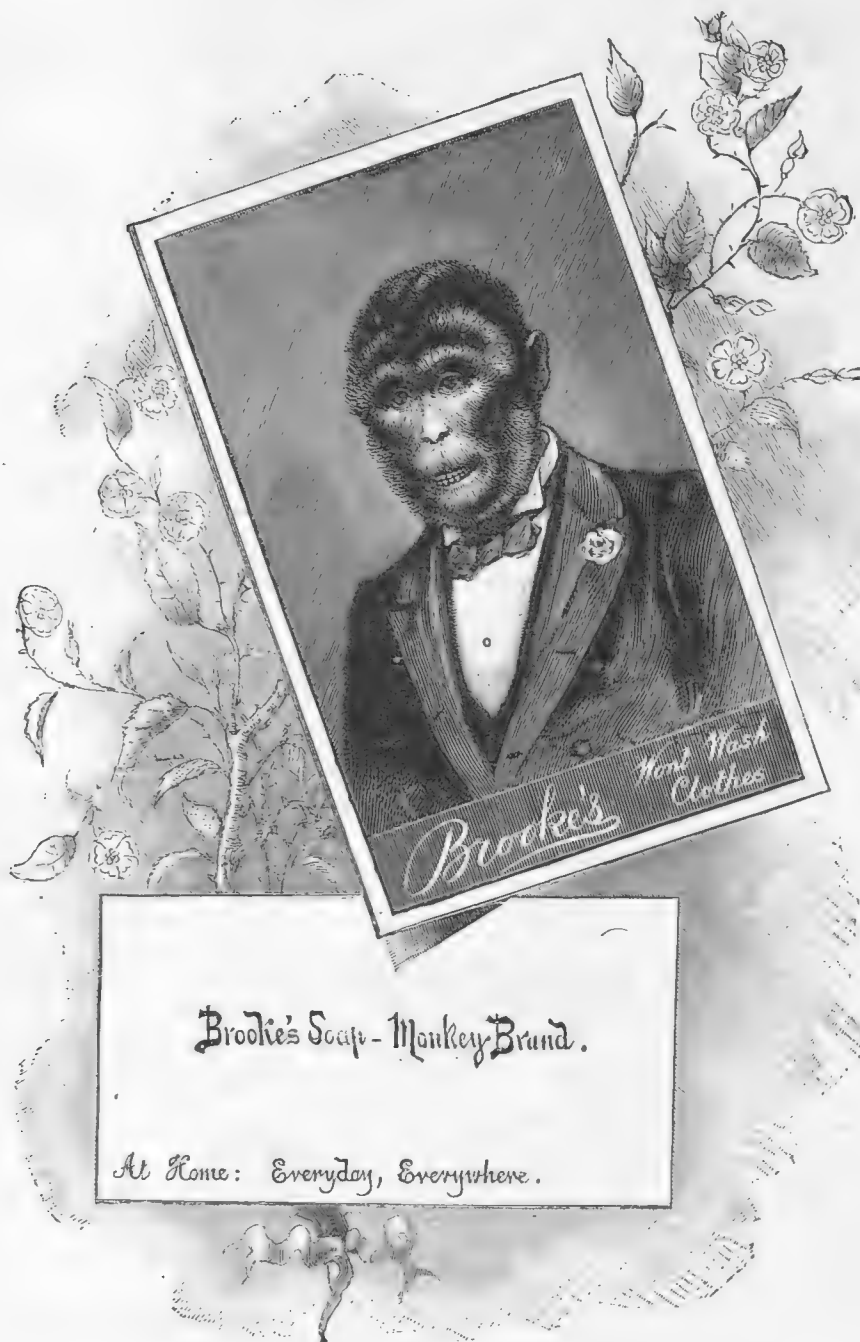
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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The Australians are again on the rise. Their defeat of a fairly strong North of England team by three wickets is one of the best things they have done. This victory was largely due to the excellent batting of Trott and Gregory and the fine bowling of Turner, who appears to have returned to form. Then, what an afternoon they had against poor Derbyshire, whom they defeated by an innings and ever so many runs to spare. This match gave Alec Bannerman the opportunity of scoring his first century, or rather five runs more. His performance, however, was put quite in the shade by a dashing innings from the bat of happy Henry Graham, who defied the efforts of the Derbyshire trundlers until he had scored 219, and, strange to say, was out with the last ball of the day. To-morrow will see the Australians at Brighton, where they oppose Sussex, and next Monday comes on the first of the great representative matches against England at Lord's. On form, the Australians have done nothing to justify the belief that they are equal to a full representative team of England, but the luck in cricket is so great that if it fall to the side of the Cornstalks it is quite within the range of possibility that they might snatch a victory.

Notts and Yorkshire, who were unable to settle their differences at their last match, may be able to show which is the stronger team when they meet at Nottingham to-morrow. Yorkshire would almost require to win this match if they mean to win the county championship. Gloucestershire and Lancashire, who are hopelessly out of the running for championship honours, will have a quiet game at Bristol. At the Oval, Surrey ought to have little difficulty in improving their record by beating the men of Somerset. Alas! the western county has fallen on evil days. On Friday Eton and Harrow will have a field-day at Lord's. This is one of the most delightful functions of the season, for to see those boys—the hope of the England of the future—at play is a perpetual delight. I understand that Eton is considered the stronger combination this season.

## ATHLETICS.

There is one thing which the A.A.A. championships have in common with the Olympian days of Greece: the prizes given in each instance are without pecuniary value. It should have been of gold, they said, but Jupiter was poor, and so a crown of wild olive was the guerdon of the victor. In these Brummagem times olives and laurels are at a discount, and so we present our champions with bronze medals.

We saw some rare performances at Northampton. We hear much of the good old times, but it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that the champions at Northampton would have beaten the old Greeks into smithereens in racing against each other or against old Father Time. What young Greek of the olden times, for instance, could have footed it with champion C. A. Bradley, who flew over a hundred yards on a slightly uphill course in 10 sec. dead? This is probably the finest performance that has ever been seen in England, although the time has once previously been equalled.

All honour to E. C. Bredin for bringing off the double event at a quarter and half a mile. His name will be handed down to posterity as one of the best men England has ever seen at these distances. His time for the quarter was 49 1-5 sec., and for the half mile 1 min. 55½ sec. These figures compare not unfavourably with those of the famous Tindall.

Another excellent performance was the mile, which F. E. Bacon won in 4 min. 22 1-5 sec. Unfortunately, Harold Wade came to grief by stumbling over an opponent's shoe, while W. E. Lutyens, of Cambridge, did not appear to be properly wound up for the distance. The four miles saw a great race between C. Pearce, C. E. Willers, and Sid Thomas, who finished in the order named. It is strange that the two latter, who have repeatedly broken record this season, should have been defeated by Pearce. It only proves, however, that every man has his day, and that in order to win a championship race he must be in the pink of health and condition. Godfrey Shaw, the most graceful of hurdlers, at length realised his ambition by winning the championship, although not without a great struggle with J. King, of Oxford. The two-miles steeplechase was won easily by G. Martin, and H. Curtis, who has held the walking championship for several years, made common hacks of all his opponents. Curtis is an ideal pedestrian. The broad jump went to T. M. Donovan; another Irishman, T. M. Ryan, gained the high jump with the enormous leap of 6 ft. 2½ in.; Deves Horgan—we are still amongst the Irishmen—easily won the weight, and still another man from the distressful country, D. Carey, won the hammer. R. D. Dickenson won the pole jump because he couldn't help it—he had no opponent.

OLYMPIAN.

It is strange to hear of so many bookmakers suffering from the gout, but the reason is not far to seek. The merry pencilers eat and drink well, and, although they work in the open air, they seldom take any exercise. Aye, there's the rub. Once arrived at the terminal station, the pencilers, as a rule, makes for the nearest cab, and drives to the course, returning to the town by the same means after the races. True, there are exceptions even in the ranks of the pencilers. Take the case of Mr. R. H. Fry, who never eats or drinks away from home—that is, if he is due to return in the evening. After a late dinner Mr. Fry will often retire to his billiard-room for three hours' good hard exercise, and billiard-playing in a wholesome, well-ventilated room is exercise of the right kind. Mr. Fry does not suffer from the gout.

## ALL ABROAD.

At the opening of the new Reichstag the Emperor took due care to give weight to his remarks on the Army Bill. His Majesty was loudly cheered when he said in an impressive voice that the unity of Germany into a strong nation had been effected at the cost of heavy sacrifice. Cheers also followed the declaration, "To preserve the glorious acquisitions with which God has blessed us in the struggle for our independence is our most sacred duty. But we can only fulfil that duty towards the Fatherland by making ourselves strong enough to remain a trustworthy security for European peace."

The Speech from the Throne made mention of the recovery for the Fatherland of the notorious "sandbank," Heligoland, which, during the present Legislature, has been for ever incorporated with the Prussian kingdom.

The Latin Quarter has been in a state of such excitement that all Paris has been alarmed. It all arose from the condemnation of certain artists and their models for improper dressing at a ball some months ago. About a fortnight ago the indignation of the students blazed up, and led to a disturbance. A young man was struck by a policeman on the back of the neck with a porcelain match-box, and died. A ball and a match-box—that was all; but a series of such lawless scenes followed that the police and the military have had their hands full.

The affair has not ended with the Latin Quarter. The great tribe of the discontented and the revolutionary press have tried to make political capital out of it, while roughs have taken advantage of the agitation to do a little bit of business on their own account.

The experiment made by many employers in South Germany to establish canteens in their factories, where the men could get food of good quality below cost price, has not been successful as yet. The British Consul at Mannheim ascribes the failure to the interference with the customs and sense of independence of the men.

The Prussian Government has ordered the State Mining Department to prepare a report upon the supply and production of gold in the world.

The Empress of China has sent five ladies to the Court of Berlin in order to learn German manners and etiquette.

Queen Nathalie of Serbia has taken her former Court Marshal, Colonel Simonovito, again into her service.

Mining in Sardinia is in a very satisfactory condition at present. The production of lead and zinc is increasing, 173,731 tons having fetched £836,912 last year. The metals next in importance are silver, lignite, antimony, iron, and manganese. The coral fishing is decaying, owing to the exhaustion of the old coral reefs and to the competition of the inferior coral of Sicily.

The Norwegian Radicals, beyond mutilating the national flag, have not of late scored any remarkable success in their campaign against the Government. They now contemplate the refusal of supplies for the Consular Service, although Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the dramatist, points out that the chief sufferers would be the Norwegian sailors, who constantly require the assistance of the Consulates in foreign countries. Dr. Ibsen, jun., advocates the rejection only of supplies for the Diplomatic Service.

Cotton growing continues to attract the attention of Russian capitalists. The Minister of Imperial Domains has in hand a plan for laying under cultivation nearly a million of acres in the neighbourhood of the Merv oasis, and attempts are to be made next spring to grow cotton in certain specified districts of Southern Russia.

A year in Tibet has just been passed by a lady missionary, Miss Taylor. She spent some time in the district of Golok, which is peopled by robbers and ruled by a woman.

The Khedive's forthcoming European tour is mainly connected, so it is rumoured, with his Highness's visit to Constantinople to see his future bride, whom gossip has selected as Princess Emineh Nazleh, one of the daughters of the Sultan.

Argentina would not be itself if it did not have a crisis. President Saenz-Peña resigns, finds it impossible to form a Cabinet composed of members belonging to the Moderate parties, and offers the Government to the Radicals, all within a few hours.

The action of the Indian Government with regard to the silver currency has already had wide-spreading effects. In Colorado alone 318 of the 500 silver mines employing hands are closed. They have operated during the past year at a loss, expecting daily that silver would be recognised as a money metal and that the price would advance.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



## THE 'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH.

Let us sing the Battle of the Blues. Not that there was anything heroic in the Inter-'Varsity match this season. Yet what possibilities there were in those two days at Lord's! The weather and wicket appeared to



First Impressions: "What a lot of girls!"

conspire to make the occasion a great and a memorable one. Fashion, fun, and frivolity, attracted by Henley, royal weddings, and what not, had a day or two to spare for Lord's. Everything was perfect. There was only one factor that was not up to the mark, and that was the cricket.

Perhaps, after all, the dresses are the thing at an Inter-'Varsity match. If this be so, it was an artistic triumph. Ladies floated about in



A certain catch.



"Fielded!"

couples dressed in dazzling white, and fit to be compared with Juno's swans. The promenade was a billowy sea of blazing colour. Even the gentlemen for once in a way discarded the orthodox dress, and many were seen in a state of vestlessness, with a sash of ribbon about six inches broad, variously hued, as a compromise between vest and no vest. This is known as the 'Mexican sash. Look out for it in the Strand and Piccadilly if the tropical heat continues.



"So near, and yet so far."

But about the cricket. Ah! yes, there was some cricket, but it is hardly worth talking about. On what looked like a perfect wicket, Cambridge scored 182, of which 22 were extras. Oxford were jubilant. How cheaply the Cantabs had been got rid of! The Dark Blues were sure to leave their paltry total far behind. But if Cambridge had done badly Oxford did worse, for, after



Berkeley bowls well for Oxford,



"Missed it, by Jove!"



Ranjitsinhji makes a clean catch.



In the slips.

getting a present of four wides and four no-balls from Wells, the Oxford total amounted only to 106.

A little incident occurred at this juncture which has caused a lot of talk. Towards the close of the Oxford innings two of the batsmen were seen by C. M. Wells whispering together. Now, the old Dulwich boy, who has a nose for plots and stratagems, made a guess that the batsmen did not want to save the follow-on, and were determined to get out at all hazards. C. M. Wells was determined to frustrate this little plot; hence it was that he made them a present of those wides and no-balls which prevented Oxford from re-starting next day on a good wicket. After all, the action of the Oxford batsmen and the Cambridge bowler was quite within the rules of the game, and, though they may lay themselves open to the charge of being poor sportsmen, they have their answer pat enough. Perhaps the upshot of the matter will be that a new law will be provided for the follow-on.

At the second attempt Cambridge made a very nice show indeed with 254. Oxford required 331 to get to win. Would they, could they, get them? The majority said the task was impossible; many said they had half a chance; and a few, on the principle of while there is life there is hope, and that in cricket all things are possible, said that even yet Oxford might win. Alas and alack! Oxford in their second innings just totalled 64. It was, perhaps, the most miserable display of batting ever seen in an Inter-'Varsity match on a dry wicket.

If there were some reputations marred, there were none made in the 'Varsity match. F. S. Jackson proved himself the best batsman of the day by scoring 38 and 57, while P. H. Latham ably seconded his captain by batting well for 21 and 54. On the Oxford side, L. C. H. Palairret played good cricket for his 32 in the first innings, while C. B. Fry in the second innings was the only batsman worth a button. He proved this by scoring 31 runs out of 60 that came from the bat. One or two of the bowlers had a rare innings: C. M. Wells got seven wickets for 66, Bromley-Davenport five for 11, E. C. Streatfield four for 19. Considering the superiority of the Cambridge batting, perhaps G. F. H. Berkeley showed the best bowling of the lot. His nine wickets cost 94 runs. The fielding on both sides was generally very good.

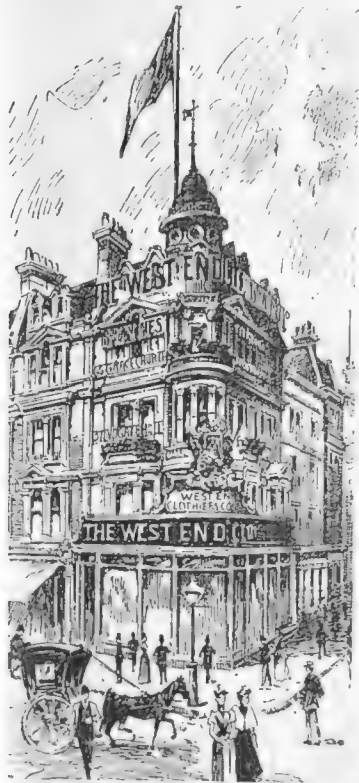
There were many distinguished visitors to Lord's ground on this popular occasion, which always serves as a rendezvous for Old Blues of all ages and stations. One or two members of the Royal Family and many Peers and faithful Commoners could be seen in the brilliant sunshine promenading the green turf, criticising the play, and explaining the intricacies of the game to their fair companions. It was a disappointment that Ranjitsinhji did not achieve a greater success with the bat, as he received the warmest of welcomes as soon as "Mr. Smith" was seen issuing from the pavilion.



"What does your reverence think of the cricket?"  
"Oh, never mind the cricket. Aren't there some stunning girls here!"

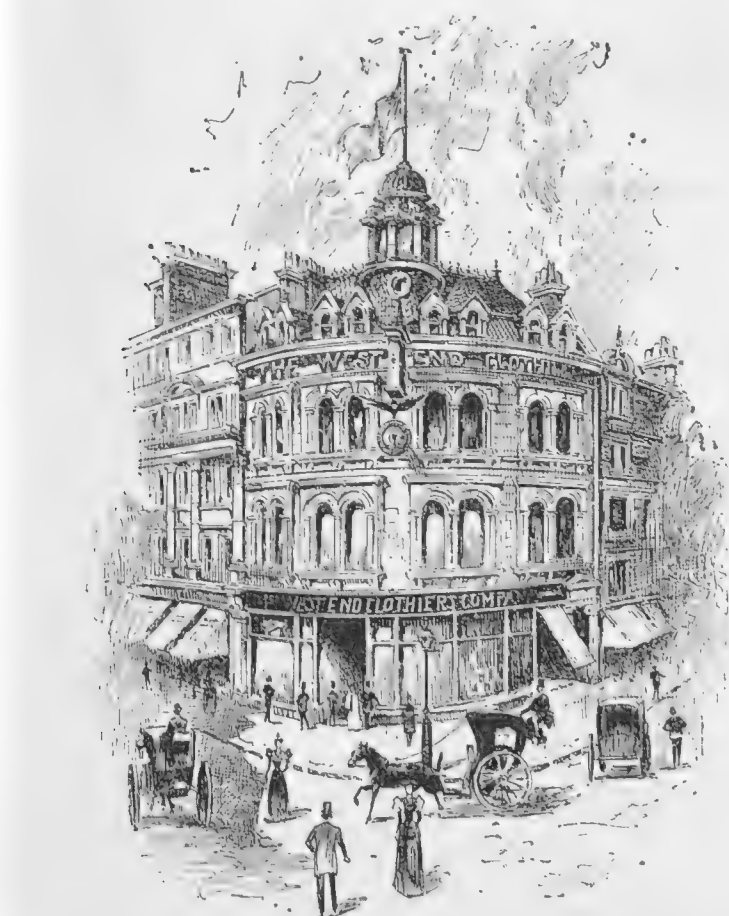
## THE WEST-END CLOTHIERS COMPANY.

Every day a mighty crowd ebbs and flows to and from the great pulsating heart of the vast City of London. If you take your station on London Bridge from eight o'clock in the morning until about ten o'clock, a constant stream pours past you Citywards. The mass of people coming in arrive by



NO. 212, OXFORD STREET.

train, by bus, by tram, by cab, and carriage, and on foot. At night the human tide gradually sets in the other way until, by seven o'clock, it is in full ebb towards the scattered suburbs. For the most part, this is a well-dressed crowd, for it is essential to a man who is "something" in the City, even the humblest clerk, to make some sort of show. As the hundreds of thousands of people file past, the question naturally presents itself, Where do all these people, this great army of men, get their clothes, and look so smart? They cannot all go to costly tailors and pay ten and twelve guineas for a suit or two pounds for a pair of trousers. The answer is that they have taken advantage of the ready money system of trading which of late years has become so popular with the people. As honour should be given where it is due we must give credit to the West-End Clothiers Company for having improved and extended this admirable system far away and beyond any other body of traders. The Company have that first essential part of all large and successful business, an ample and practically unlimited capital.



NOS. 66, 67 AND 68, GRACECHURCH STREET.

Since the formation of the West-End Clothiers Company they have had but one object before them—namely, to provide the best and cheapest clothes for the people. They have accomplished this feat and as a consequence they

are extending their boundaries day by day. Their purchases of woollen goods have become so extensive in the market that their orders are eagerly sought by manufacturers, especially as they have the name for paying ready cash. In looking over the stock the other day we were shown something like twenty thousand pounds' worth of cloth. It is, however, absolutely necessary for the management to keep up a large stock, as they receive daily and even hourly demands from the different branch establishments crying out for more cloth to take the place of that used up. One of the most voracious of these establishments in using up cloth is the original one at the corner of Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, where there is a clientèle of fifty thousand customers. It is instructive to compare the quality of the cloth sold here and the prices charged with those of the old school of tailors. In the windows of any of the establishments of the West-End Clothiers may be seen beautiful goods marked up, "The Suit complete, 37s. 6d." The price is absolutely nothing,



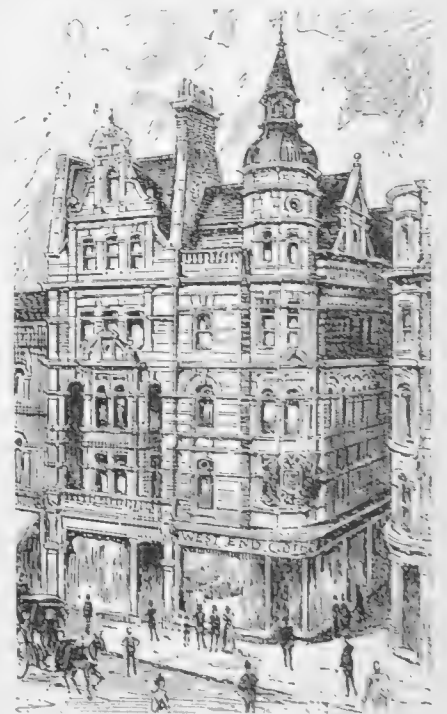
NO. 37, LUDGATE HILL.

and if a man had one a month it would hardly come to the price of one ordinary suit at what is known as a fashionable tailor's. Though the prices are so low, the wool is of the very best, and much of it comes off the same looms as the higher-priced suitings of the dearer shops.

Quite a sensation was made in the West-End the other day when the Company opened their beautiful new shop in Princes Street, Oxford Street, at the corner of Oxford Circus, with its bold frontage and magnificent plate-glass windows, its princely dressing and trying-on rooms, its wealth of upholstery, and its general lightness and comfort. The success of this undertaking has been something remarkable, and it in every way justifies the policy of the management in providing quality and economy even in the wealthy West-End. Another shop has followed—also in Oxford Street—at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, where its fine corner turret rises head and shoulders above other buildings. This has also been a huge success, for in twelve days from the day of opening many hundred garments were put in hand. Since that time the number has proportionately increased.

At 37, Ludgate Hill, the Company, in July last year, opened a large establishment of four floors. In six months' trading the number of customers whose names appear in the measurement and order books amounted to thirty thousand, a rate of progress unequalled in any establishment in the country. There are now seventy employés in this shop, and the fine weather keeps them "buzzing." Progress and success have also to be recorded in connection with the branch shop in the Strand, between Cecil Street and Savoy Street, and opposite the Vaudeville Theatre. When this shop was first opened, some people questioned whether there was room for it. As showing how ill-founded such conjectures were, it may be stated that the establishment has proved a success beyond the most sanguine anticipations of the promoters. It has become highly popular with all classes of men, especially with legal gentlemen and sporting men, who seem to like the excellent style of cutting and fitting which pertain to this shop.

The important question of the cut of a garment is a strong feature of the West-End Clothiers Company. At the outset they determined upon having the best, and to spare no expense in getting the right article. The result is that the very best artists in the trade have been attracted to the Company's establishment; and each branch seems to vie with the others in turning out best and most creditable garments. It is the boast of the manager of the West-End Clothiers Company that they never lose a customer, and as they always strive to please, and never think any trouble too much, there is no reason why they should,



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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Now that the royal wedding is an event of the past, we have lost a fruitful and never-failing topic of conversation, and with no special excitement to look forward to we are apt to find things generally somewhat flat, stale, and unprofitable. This was my experience, at least, and when



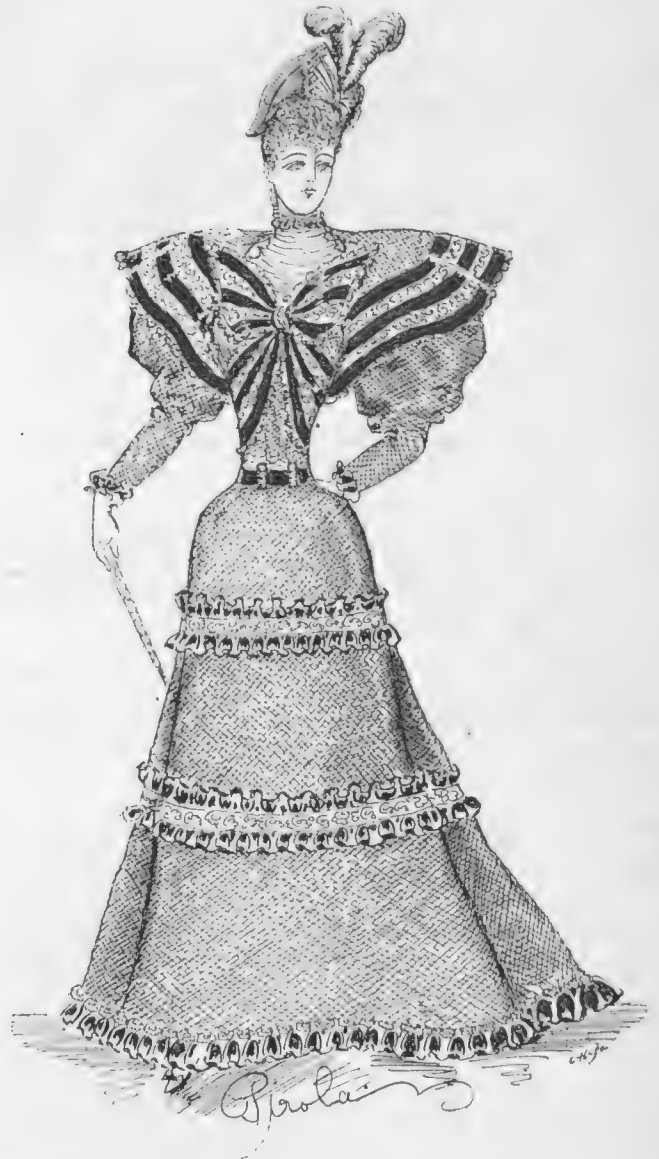
I went into Jay's in Regent Street the other day to look for pretty things I did so in rather a spiritless way; but a change soon came over the scene, for I found myself in the midst of their annual summer sale, and was speedily absorbed in the fascinating occupation of bargain-hunting. The morning went by like a flash, and after an exhaustive survey of every department I can only say that every woman should scrape together every available penny and hurry off to Jay's while there is a chance of obtaining some of their inimitable garments at such wonderfully moderate prices.

All the gowns are reduced to about half-price, for Messrs. Jay always make a point of clearing out every article in stock, no matter at what sacrifice, in order that they may start the new season with nothing but absolute novelties. What do you think, then, of about a dozen of Worth's model gowns, which are reduced from fifty to sixty guineas to eighteen and twenty?—serge skirts cut to perfection, and made up on a silk foundation, at two and a half guineas, and the fashionable flounced skirts of net, edged with insertion, at six and a half guineas? I wish that you could have peeped in with me at the wardrobes full of treasures of shimmering satins, rich silks, and filmy chiffons, and, particularly, have caught a glimpse of a skirt of pale mauve silk, entirely covered from waist to hem with innumerable rows of narrow white ribbon, put on in frill fashion, and showing glimpses of the delicate colour underneath in a way which gave a wonderful and quite new shot effect. While on the subject of gowns, I must tell you about some at which I was allowed to glimpse before they were sent home to their respective owners. One for Miss Olga Nethersole was of blue serge, the skirt trimmed with bands of cream guipure insertion, and the bodice arranged with soft folds of chiffon. Another dress of black and white check was set off with touches of pale turquoise blue, and softened with exquisite old lace, while an exquisite evening dress was of creamy lace

over pink satin, the bodice entirely of chiffon, arranged with cloudy sleeves, edged with rose-leaves, the corsage being also appliquéd with roses.

A lovely evening gown for a débutante had a flounced skirt of white net over satin, each flounce headed by frills of satin ribbon. The bodice was of chiffon with full net sleeves, clusters of pure white gardenias and their glossy foliage forming the only trimming. A beautiful Empire gown which had been made for Madame Calvé was of magnificent yellow brocade, the bodice trimmed with old lace and arranged with sleeves of yellow velvet, a daring but successful touch of colour being given by the addition of a corsage bouquet of bright scarlet geraniums. Another dress for the same famous singer was of scarlet serge, trimmed with black guipure insertion, the bodice arranged with a full front of black chiffon and ornamented with jet buttons. The brilliant colouring of both these dresses will suit Madame Calvé's dark beauty to perfection.

I also noticed a most fascinating gown of black crépon, the skirt made in five flounces, each one bound with satin. The bodice, which had full sleeves of satin, was draped across the back, the satin collar edged with an appliqué of black lace, forming two tabs in front, while round the waist was a satin band fastened with two rosettes. Even smarter was another beautiful gown, also of black crépon, the skirt trimmed with twenty rouleaux of black satin, terminating just below the waist, so that they did not interfere with the line of the figure. The bodice was of accordion-pleated chiffon, with full sleeves of broché, the design of roses and tulips being thickly covered with an appliqué of jet sequins; the collar and belt were also of jet sequins, which gave the gown an



extremely handsome appearance. An evening gown made in the same way was of white crépoline, lined with pink satin, the bodice being of the pink satin, the basque outlined with pink roses, and frills of old lace falling over the sleeves. Now for a word about the two gowns which I have had sketched for you. One is of checked black and white silk, the skirt trimmed with three bands of cream lace insertion, edged with pleatings of black satin, and the full bodice, which is arranged with a yoke of mauve chiffon, drawn in by a large bow of insertion and satin. A waistband, fastened with jet buckles, and shoulder capes edged with three bands of insertion complete the details of a very smart costume. With this gown is worn a hat of black straw, turned well up from the face

[Continued on page 613.]

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LONDON, W.C.





in front, and trimmed with jet sequins and black tips. The other dress is of black crocodile crêpon, the skirt slightly trained, and the coat bodice, which is of black moiré, finished off with neck and waistbands of satin, opening both at the back and in the front to show a vest studded with jet, while over the shoulders fall smart capes of black satin. The large hat of Tuscan straw is trimmed with black ostrich feathers, a cluster of roses and violets being placed under the brim.

So much for the gowns, though the subject is quite fascinating enough to admit of a much more lengthy discussion. And now for a few words about the millinery, which is always particularly lovely at Messrs. Jay's, and has in every case the merit of being absolutely original. A dainty little bonnet of Tuscan basket-work straw was trimmed squarely, both at the back and in the front, with black wings, and tied with black velvet strings; while a lovely garden-party hat was of dark burnt straw, with a single pink rose placed under the brim in front, and a few rosebuds resting on the hair at the back, the trimming consisting of a cluster of roses, of all colours and shades, placed at the left side, and intermixed with a black brush, the stems—which were so accurately modelled on nature that they were provided with very realistic-looking thorns—curving round the crown. A black crinoline straw plateau hat, artistically twisted into a becoming shape, and caught



up with jet cabochons, was trimmed in front with high clusters of lilies-of-the-valley, while at the back a comb formed of masses of the same lovely flowers rested on the hair.

Most dainty little bonnets, specially made to wear with the flounced net dresses, were of black accordion-pleated net, edged with lace appliqué, and arranged in frills, a touch of colour being given by the addition of a rosette of chiffon, in various shades, from the centre of which rose a black osprey. I am sure you will say that my praises of the millinery department are not too high when you look at the accompanying sketches. The little bonnet is, I think, particularly lovely and smart, and is simply composed of a Marie Stuart bandeau of jet, from which fall graduated pear-shaped jet drops. Three choux of black satin antique are placed at the back, and from the centre one rises a fine black brush. Such a bonnet makes one inclined to forswear any other kind of head-gear, and yet there are the rival attractions of the two hats to be considered. One is of coarse burnt straw, in the fashionable square shape, the four corners finished off with a choux of ivory satin, while at each side are erect clusters of tempting-looking cherries with their attendant leaves and stems. I will guarantee that if taken off the hat and laid on a plate you would at once wish to make closer acquaintance with those cherries, and the first touch would not deceive you, for they are actually as soft as Nature's own productions, so far has realism advanced even in millinery. The other hat, in a becoming picture shape, is of burnt straw trimmed with five black ostrich plumes, in the perfect arrangement of which absolute genius is displayed. Two or three choux of black satin antique—a material, by-the-way, which is very largely used in Paris just now for millinery purposes—form the only other trimming. With this hat, one of the fashionable ruffles of black accordion-pleated net, edged with burnt-straw coloured lace, would look very well indeed. I may tell you that Messrs. Jay have originated an entirely new idea in connection with these ruffles, which consists in their being tied at the back, instead of in the front, with a huge, square bow of satin, falling in long ends to the bottom of the skirt.

Jet is always such a favourite and becoming trimming, and Messrs. Jay's jet is so perfect and beautiful, that I must tell you to have a special look at the department which is entirely devoted to it. Expanding belts, châtelaines, bandeaux—everything, in fact, that you can think of both for utility and effect—can be seen here, including jet spectacle cases, which would form charming presents for elderly ladies, and jet card cases.



Antelope-skin, dyed black, is used in conjunction with jet for bags and purses—in fact, every imaginable toilet accessory for those in mourning has been carefully thought out and provided by Messrs. Jay. The black gauze fans, studded with jet sequins, are particularly lovely, and as a black fan is always a most useful thing to have, I should advise you to get one without any further delay while you can do so at a merely nominal price.

As for the tea gowns and tea jackets, they are so lovely that it is impossible to do them justice by mere descriptions. One in pongee silk, with a pretty floral pattern, has the sleeves puffed to the elbow and smocked to the wrist, the front being covered with an appliqué of lace, and the shoulder frills finished off in the same way; this was reduced to



six and a half guineas, though perfectly made and lined throughout with silk. For five and a half guineas there was one of rich black brocade, trimmed with insertion bands of violet silk and lace, and another of white pongee figured with black, and with a loose front of white chiffon elaborately embroidered with jet beads, was only eight and a half guineas.

FLORENCE.



## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Both in the poets and out of them the social life of the farm-yard is held as a type of friendly and mutually helpful relationship. Beautiful pictures have been drawn of the gentle harmony that prevails among all there, from the mild-eyed shorthorn heifer to the perky bantam fowl. And if there was one creature least likely to disturb this paradise it would be—should you not have said so?—the duck: the pure white, beautiful Aylesbury duck! But, alas! "it is a very bad world, Sir Oliver, and the fewer we praise the better." You cannot even trust a duck! A correspondent, writing to a contemporary, expresses unpleasant surprise at finding that his young pheasants are being eaten by the farm-yard ducks. They had caught fifty when he wrote, running them to a standstill and bolting them whole. Well, this does not astonish me at all, for I can believe anything of a duck—a most omnivorous bird. I used to keep ducks myself at one time, and they, too, developed a taste for young chickens. They would catch them, carry them to the water pan, soak them well, and then swallow them whole. But this can be explained in both instances by scarcity of other food.

And yet, though a duck will feed on almost anything, on the most horrid kind of things, nobody inquires what a duck has been eating, but eats it all the same. Well, there is no accounting for tastes either of men or ducks.

But the fact of the matter is this: the heat has now been so severe and so long-continued that there are no worms or slugs, and food generally is at a premium. What, then, is a duck to do unless you give it grain? I have already spoken in this column of the way rooks have taken eggs this year, and thrushes have learnt the art of taking water snails. And now I will wind up by an instance which shows how adaptable a bird's capabilities are to any need. And first I would just remind you that, though many birds have crops, many have none, and that gizzards are confined to grain-eating birds, for the gizzard is simply the mill in which the corn is ground. Well, a certain man had a gull. This gull he gradually "trained off" from its ordinary food till he got it to thrive on grain alone. The bird did very well on this, and when it died its stomach was examined, and was then found to be considerably changed in character. Its walls were greatly thickened, for it had really functioned as a gizzard. At this discovery the man was very pleased, for he was the celebrated John Hunter. This gull's stomach may now be seen by those who have sufficient curiosity to turn to the interesting Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

It is most improbable, one is thankful to be able to say, that such a scene as that which disgraced Lord's the other day during the 'Varsity match will ever be repeated—at any rate, by gentlemen. The lesson taught, not only by a justly indignant crowd of spectators, but by the well-deserved comments of the Press, is not likely to be forgotten. "If you are a gentleman, behave as such," is a nail it is far too often necessary to hammer home in these days of up-to-date vulgarity. But when all is said and done, what a bad rule is this of follow-on? Do you not see that it is all in favour of the followers-on? They come in again as fresh as when they started, opposed to men who have not only been working without a rest, but who have to begin all over again the attack on a side which may actually be stronger than themselves, and go in presently on an inferior and often infamous wicket. It has happened several times this season that the followers-on have won the match. And so one is led to ask, why was the essential minimum of runs fixed at this particular number? Why should the rule not be altered now, at any rate? Let it be necessary that the one side should get a third, say, of the runs made by the other to save a follow-on. At all events, it seems to me pretty obvious that the rule should be framed so as to necessitate a relative proportion only, and not a definite number of runs being obtained.

It is, doubtless, well that societies should exist for the protection of footpaths and commons, particularly near London. A report recently issued shows that good work is being done in this direction. At the same time, footpaths are in many places anything but an unmixed blessing, and one cannot escape from the feeling that some of these local societies are apt to err occasionally on the side of over-officiousness. Some properties—I have one in my mind at the moment—are so riddled with footpaths as to be practically valueless. And I am familiar with another where the owner, wishing to make a game farm, for it would grow no crops, found that the expense of this, owing to footpaths, would be such as to preclude all chance of profit. Added to which some careless traveller has set fire to the furze and grass this summer, no doubt, after lighting his pipe. Another friend of mine was anxious to build a house on a small common—the only site that was possible—on his little property. It is in the heart of the country; only his own cottagers and tenants may turn out there, with the exception of some far-distant person, who, by some crooked chance, has "rights." Nothing, not even a goose, is ever turned out on the common. The coming of a kindly landlord would have been an enormous gain to the people, yet the compensation necessary for his appearance is found to be so great as to be practically prohibitive.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 8, 1893.

By degrees the effect of the Indian legislation is beginning to be understood, and the heavy drop in silver which had brought that metal down to thirty pence an ounce, has produced a considerable reaction, thanks to which more than half last week's depreciation has been recovered.

We were not surprised to hear that President Cleveland had expedited the special session of Congress, and, although it is generally anticipated that the Sherman Law will be repealed, it is clear the honest currency men will not get their way without a stiff fight and no inconsiderable public protest from the Western States. It is possible that the President and his advisers may be defeated, but the result would be so serious, and the panic which such a fiasco would bring about so far-reaching, that we not only do not like to contemplate such an eventuality, but cannot believe the mass of thinking men in the States will allow it to be brought about.

Should all go well, and American buying be stopped, we fully anticipate a great decline in the production of silver, and an eventual state of affairs in which the white metal will certainly be no lower, and probably a good bit higher in price than it is at this moment, because the demand will not be greatly reduced, and the supply will begin to fall off by leaps and bounds.

In the House Thursday was a *dies non*, and for all practical purposes, as far as the City was concerned, might as well have been made a public holiday. The general stagnation is abundantly shown by the comparative failure of the new issue of Metropolitan stock and the falling away in the price of solid securities like Home Rails. Colonial matters do not seem at all settled, and persistent evil rumours continue to pass from mouth to mouth with respect to several Australian mortgage and financial companies. We do not like to mention names, but in one or two cases we are certain that the causes of anxiety are greatly exaggerated, while, at the same time, it is now quite clear that terminable deposits will not be renewed, and that for the next year or two all these companies must make up their minds to face a steady drain as the moneys of this class which they now hold from time to time fall due.

There was a little flutter in the early part of the week over the speculations of a partner in a well-known firm of City solicitors, and the wildest stories were flying about as to the amount of his liabilities. The gentleman in question was personally very popular—which is more than can be said for another partner in the same house—and general sorrow is felt, both for the unfortunate himself and for the brokers who are said to be very heavily compromised by his large commitments.

The Home Railway traffics are again unsatisfactory, and how the Midland and the North-Western companies are to avoid a falling off in their distributions for this half-year we do not quite see. Foreign lines, no less than Government stocks, have all shown great depression despite the formal ratification of the Argentine agreement. The political news from Buenos Ayres is not of a reassuring character, and the gold premium has once more got out of hand, while the remainder of the South American stocks are seriously compromised by the silver outlook.

The alterations in American lines have been mostly in the wrong direction, because it is now quite clear that there will be a stubborn fight over the repeal of the Sherman Act, and people on this side appear very disinclined to hold on to their stocks with the outlook uncertain.

The beginning which has been made with the half-yearly dividends of the great joint stock banks has been encouraging, as, with the exception of the London and Westminster and the Consolidated, the full last year's rate has been maintained.

The Mexican and South American Company, whose affairs we referred to the other day, compromised their litigation with the Bank of England, and have issued a circular to the shareholders which cannot be called cheerful reading. The exact constitution of the Joint Stock Assets Company, which is going to take them over, we do not know, but the registered capital is only £100,000, which, considering the figures in the balance-sheet of the Mexican and South American Company, does not seem very large for undertaking such an enterprise. Certain crumbs of comfort were to be gleaned from the chairman's speech at the Hammond Company's meeting on Wednesday, but, considering that the concern is now grossly over-capitalised, the proposal to further increase the preference charges by capitalising the arrears of interest to the extent of fifty shillings a share does not strike us as encouraging.

The holders of tramway and omnibus shares cannot be congratulated on the outlook, for, with all fodder at abnormal prices, the working expenses during this summer and coming winter must run up very considerably. The margin of profit is, in most cases, very small even now, and an increased cost of, say, sixpence a week on the keep of each horse will, we fear, in many cases, make serious holes in the dividends.

As we led you to expect, there has been a sharp fall in Allsopp's ordinary shares, so that, although we did not get the top price for you at 46, we effected a very good sale.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.